

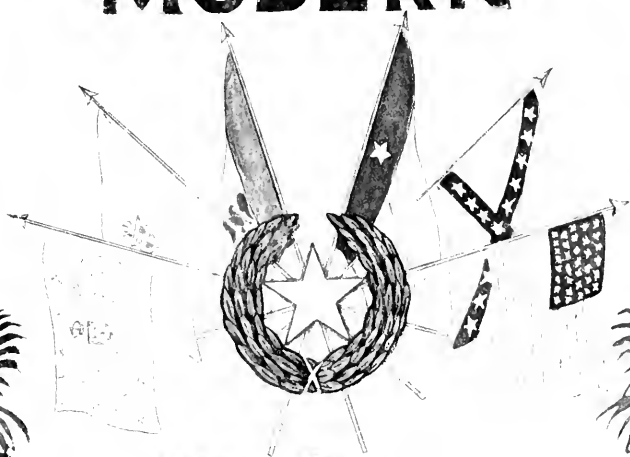
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SAN
ANTONIO

HISTORICAL
AND
MODERN



THE CITY
OF
SUNSHINE
AND
FLOWERS



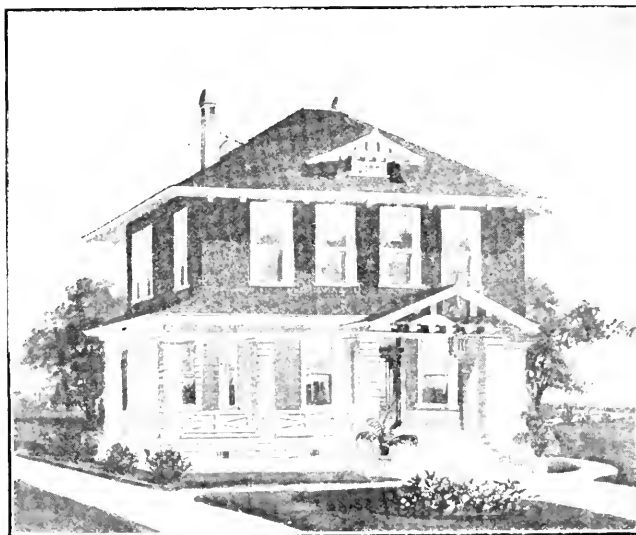
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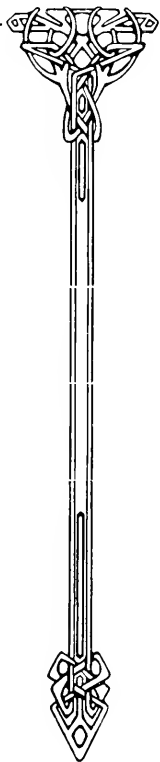
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SAN ANTONIO

HISTORICAL and MODERN



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1909



Saint Anthony

Saint Anthony of Padua, patron saint of San Antonio, who died in Padua in 1231 at thirty-six years of age. The above picture is a detail of the famous painting by Murillo in the cathedral de Sevilla, "The Vision of St. Anthony." In the full picture cherubs float and hover about him, forming a garland of graceful forms and lovely faces.

The Story of St. Anthony.



FEW of the mediaeval saints are as celebrated as St. Anthony of Padua. Throughout Italy his name is held in such veneration that he is commonly spoken of as "the saint," and in Padua particularly, his festival is enthusiastically kept.

When he died, the brotherhood desired to keep his death a secret, that they might bury him in their church, but the secret could not be kept, for the children of the city, divinely inspired thereto, ran through the streets crying, "Il Santo é morto! il Santo é morto!"

The citizens of Padua decreed that a church should be built to his memory at public expense. The chapel which contains the shrine of the saint is one mass of ornament, splendid with marble and alabaster sculpture, bronzes, and gold and silver lamps. Thirty-two years after his death his remains were removed to the church built in his honor. Upon this occasion, the tomb being opened, the tongue of the saint was found intact. It is contained within a handsome case of silver gilt, and is exhibited once a year at the great festival on the 13th of June.

Many legends cluster about the name of St. Anthony. One of the best known is that of the fishes, which runs as follows: "St. Anthony being come to the city of Rimini, where were many heretics and unbelievers, he preached to them repentance and a new life; but they stopped their ears and refused to listen to him. Whereupon, he repaired to the sea shore, and stretching forth his hand, he said, 'Hear me, ye fishes, for these unbelievers refuse to listen,' and truly it was a marvelous thing to see how an infinite number of fishes, great and little, lifted their heads above water and listened to the sermon of the saint."

Legends of San Antonio.

Discovery of San Antonio Valley.



Out of the mystic West Apache warriors traveled across the Staked Plains to find the traditional hunting grounds of their fore-fathers,—a land of bison and limpid water.

The way was long and tedious, with hunger and thirst ever in hot pursuit. Thus it was the "moon of dead leaves" before the remnant of the Apache band found the pass.

It was the year of the great drought. Mountain, mesa and plain stood abandoned by the spirit of nature. The brown earth bore no sign save the mystic sand

paintings, symbolic prayers of the medicine men to the forces of nature.

War painted, sinewy bodies shown against the golden sunset at the road where the tepees had been reared, but no smoke ascended, nor welcome awaited, for the medicine men chanted only of famine. Ravenous wolves howled of hunger, and the turtle doves mingled their sad notes with the dirges of the women.

Tremanos, a youth of the Apache tribe, ascended wearily to a hill top. He turned to the mesa; red phantoms blurred the horizon, while from over the mountain the hot breeze brought rythmical music from the "flageolet of a spirit warrior. To the west, the lurid sunset mocked, as a burning tomahawk, over the land of his fathers. Gaunt shadows, grim death, wierd sounds stood whispering as Tremanos looked southward where gray billows of sage brush reached onward to infinite space. But, a miracle—beyond the gray, a bit of fern-like green seemed to follow the valley.

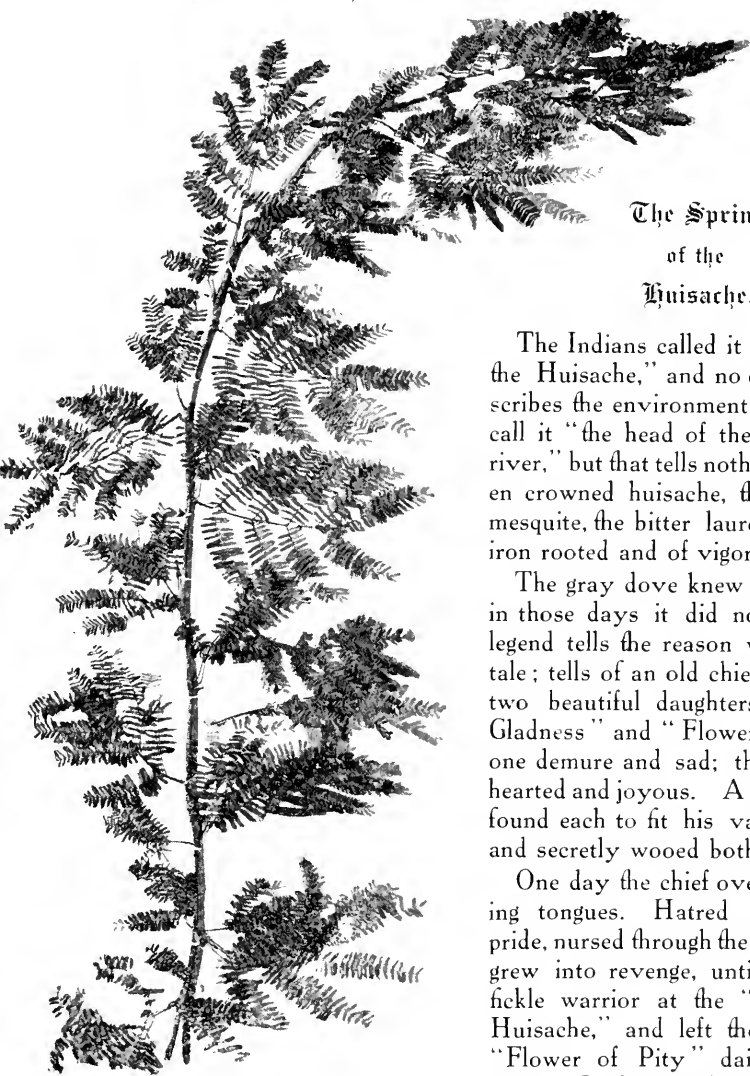
Tremanos called,

"Come, my people, come: it is the river: Water and bison await us. Follow my footsteps to Tejas the Beautiful."

Silently wigwams were folded by half hearted squaws. Onward for hours they journeyed, to the great bend of the Hill of Laurel; there, eastward and southward high tula grass marked the water course.

Gaunt faces were transmuted, gaunt hands were lifted in prayer to the forces of nature, gaunt bodies bowed over the ford of Las Tejas.

SARAH S. KING.



The Spring
of the
Huisache.

The Indians called it the "Spring of the Huisache," and no other name describes the environment so well. We call it "the head of the San Antonio river," but that tells nothing of the golden crowned huisache, the meal laden mesquite, the bitter laurel, each and all iron rooted and of vigorous growth.

The gray dove knew the haunt, but in those days it did not mourn. A legend tells the reason with a lover's tale; tells of an old chieftain who had two beautiful daughters, "Flower of Gladness" and "Flower of Pity," the one demure and sad; the other light-hearted and joyous. A young warrior found each to fit his varying moods, and secretly wooed both maidens.

One day the chief overheard gossiping tongues. Hatred and wounded pride, nursed through the autumn chase, grew into revenge, until he slew the fickle warrior at the "Spring of the Huisache," and left the body where "Flower of Pity" daily sought her lover. In despair she took a hunting

knife from his lifeless form and followed her lover to the "Spirit Land."

A little later "Flower of Gladness" came down for a cooling drink and chanced upon the tragedy. The shock was more than strength and reason could bear. The light vanished from heart and mind, and up and down the river the maiden wandered, calling ever, "Pity," "Flower of Pity, come," until Manitou let the soul rest, to find expression in the dove's sad note.

From the warrior's side another spring gushed forth, and near by, upon a rocky ledge, there rests a semblance of "Flower of Pity,"—a petrified boulder which sends forth another rivulet—the three springs finally uniting in the San Antonio river.

SARAH S KING.

When the Springs Cease to Flow.



When the light foot of the Apache first pressed the green carpet flecked with blue-bonnets and wine-cups; crept through the tangled wild-wood and beheld the waters gushing from under the great rocks, he exclaimed, "Oyo del Rio!" (the eye of the river.)

Here the great chief pitched his tepee and spent many happy days under the moss laden trees, the singing birds and the rippling waters, his own Wanda being his constant delight, while the young braves killed the deer, and the squaws prepared the venison.

But a shadow fell: At first faint as a fleeting summer cloud; then dark as the storm's angry roar. A young brave, more comely and more daring than the rest, came a-wooing, and the dark eyed maiden gladly left her old father to follow in the new comer's sure and steady footsteps, as he climbed the rocky banks and made paths for her through the thick mesquite bush.

"It shall not be," cried the old warrior. "My little one shall not leave me."

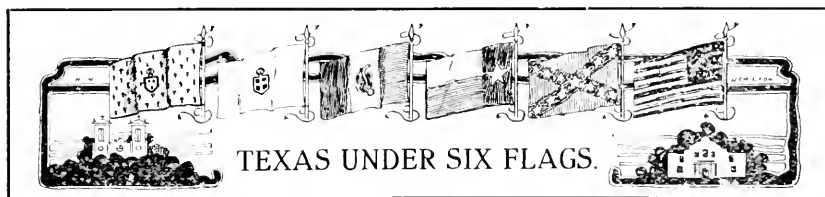
But life's young blood runs high, and wrath is no match for love. Away went the happy young lovers, while the old warrior left alone, bowed his head and died of grief. The water sprites that had sung the live long day were hushed, and said,

"This never again shall happen. If another maiden weds we go away."

As the years went by the dark skinned race gave place to the pale face. There came to dwell here sprightly little maidens and tall, stately maidens, but they all said "nay" to their wooers, and the water sprites continued to sing, and the flowers to bloom as of yore.

But, alas, again the shadow fell, and there was no more singing under the trees and the flowers hung their heads, for another maiden was to wed and it was only after the pious sisterhood came to dwell on its banks that the sprites once more dared begin their merry songs and the flowers renew their bloom.





WITHIN the San Antonio valley archaeologists have recorded proof of a pre-historic people,—distinct evidences that San Antonio was an Indian village long before Columbus discovered America. Tradition tells of a Toltec or Aztec settlement before Cortez' conquest of Mexico.

History begins with Narvaez, who, disappointed at sharing honors with Cortez in Mexico, gained permission from Spain to conquer and govern Florida. Cabeza de Vaca received the appointment as royal treasurer and high sheriff to the expedition, and he, with two companions, were the only survivors of the crew of four hundred men and five ships which sailed from Havana, March 1528, and which landed at Apalache Bay. For several months La Vaca wandered through the Tejas land, living on mesquite beans, and prickly pear until he reached the place of pinones, or nuts, upon the San Antonio river. Here the Indians dwelt in huts and gave the stranger freely of their food. It is through De Vaca's account that Europeans first heard of the buffalo, or hunch-backed cow, as he described it.

The failure of this expedition left Texas land to the "Indian bravo" for over a century, to be again awakened in the name of France instead of Spain. La Salle, a French explorer, led a band of colonists from



Old cannon found while excavating for the Gibbs building. Supposed to have been used in the siege of the Alamo.

France landing at Matagorda Bay. The building of Ft. St. Louis on Texas soil and the raising of the French flag, aroused the Spanish council, and it sent De Leon to investigate. He found that the French settlement had been wiped out by Indians, and after exploring the country gave such a favorable account of the San Antonio valley, that the banks of the San Antonio river were selected as a place for settlement. Through his efforts the river and presidio were christened San Antonio in honor of St. Anthony of Padua.

For reasons of both church and state the Christian missions under the leadership of Father Manzanet, were conceived and partially built in this valley. These were to be used as fortresses in resisting the encroachments of the

French, and as a defense against Indians, as well as a means for converting the natives to the Catholic faith, thereby spreading the influence of the church. So, the fleur-de-lis of France gave way to the tri-color of Spain. But Louisiana grew apace, and French traders sought Mexico, from whence they crossed the Rio Grande into Texas. Among these was St. Denis, who upon first seeing the San Antonio river exclaimed:

"Look, a beautiful site for a city."

France again threatened Spanish supremacy, so Spanish priests and soldiers were hurried to the San Antonio valley and the mission fortresses were pushed to completion.

The Marquis of Casa Fuertes visited the city before he became the Mexican Viceroy and became interested in it. It was mainly owing to his representation that the Spanish government sent out sixteen families of Spaniards from the Canary Islands. These were entitled to the prefix "Don" and are the ancestors of the leading Spanish-Mexican families of the city. The Village was named San Fernando, in honor of Fernando III, King of Spain. A presidio, or garrisoned town, called Bexar, after the Viceroy, was created on November 28, 1730.

In 1773 a charter was granted by the king of Spain, the city being officially styled San Antonio de Bexar. The charter's existence has been established by law, but the original charter has not been seen since 1834. A garrison of 117 men under Don Antonio de Almazon was located here, and so for the time the Spanish flag waved dominantly over this part of Texas.

In June, 1807, the great explorer, Lieutenant Zebulon Pike, was in San Antonio when he was the guest of Governor Cordero. He reports a city of about two thousand inhabitants.

In 1821 Mexico gained freedom from Spain, and Texas became a Mexican province under a new flag. San Antonio as the most important presidio and the gate way to Mexico, was at once the scene of activity, and this center of early trade and strife became the birthplace of the largest and most glorious portion of Texas history.

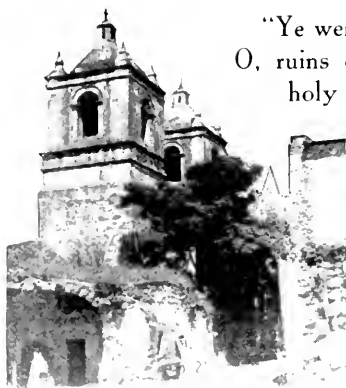
The period of American colonization followed,—a period mixed with Spanish-Mexican intrigue and politics. With Mexico as the center of revolution, San Antonio naturally received its share of trouble in the troublesome times. The American idea of a republican form of government having taken root in Texas soil the result was inevitable—liberty. The rallying of the colonists around grand old Mexicans like Navarro, Manchaca, Ruiz and others, and the silent sympathy of Uncle Sam, stirred hearts from Texas to Maine. The story of the revolution would make an Anglo-Saxon Illiad. The adventures of Ulysses grow dim beside our own heritage when Texas came under a single star,—the flag of the Texas Republic. The United States beckoned, and Texas joined the "Stars and Stripes."

Rest and peace followed the Mexican war, but the hearts of Texas' sons ever quickened at the battle cry. The state was one of the Confederacy, and its banner was adopted as her sixth flag. The Civil War ended, Texas once more pledged loyal hearts to "Old Glory."

San Antonio through many vicissitudes remained first and last the pearl of Texas, and stands to-day the oldest, the most historic, the most beautiful, and most cosmopolitan city of the southwest. A stroll upon the plaza will demonstrate its cosmopolitan character. The Mexican peon walks along soberly and quietly; the jovial German beams; the Frenchman bows; the Italian gesticulates; the negroes discuss of "possum and taters" and the glory of "June 'teenth;" the Chinaman and Jap patter along in sandaled feet with "washee muchee for Melican man," while the Turk nods his turbaned head. Truly, San Antonio welcomes all. The artist may here find vivid color and bold outline for pen or brush, while the student may wander in the highway and byway of psychological and sociological investigation, from peon to courtier, in any language from Greek to Esperanto. Truly a rich field of study for tourist or resident. About the name and city cluster legends old; its history is full of the romance and passion of action, and as for commercial supremacy, it stands alone. The assessed valuation is \$40,000,000.00. With an area of thirty-six square miles it has four hundred and forty-three miles of streets with a population of one hundred thousand. There are twenty-two parks and plazas belonging to the city, and the many miles of river within the city limits is spanned by twenty-seven bridges. The churches number fifty-five, there are twenty-six public schools with a corps of two hundred and seventy-five teachers. Banking is represented by six national, two private and four state banks.

SARAH S. KING.





"Ye were reared,
O, ruins old, by stern and
holy men,

God's messengers
unto a new found
world

Whose voices, like
the trumpet's
blast,

R e s o u n d e d
through the for-
est, and shook
down,

As by an earthquake's dread iconoclasm,
The idols that men worshipped."

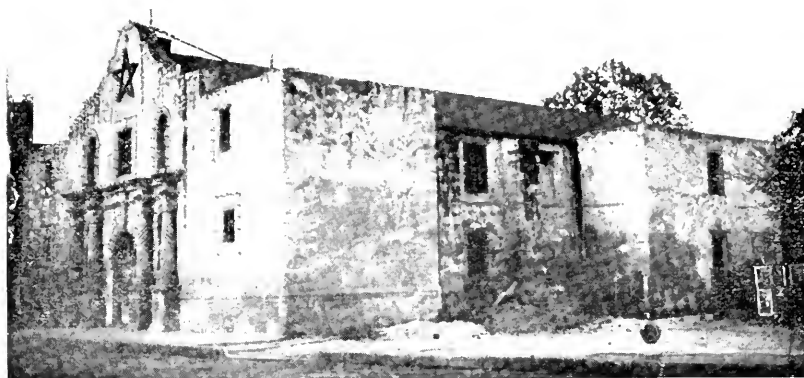
"Their great lives
Were given to awful duty, and their words
Breathed, burned and throbbed upon the air
In solemn majesty. They did not shrink
Or falter in the path of thorn and rock
Their souls marked out."

"Age has followed age
To the abysses of eternity;
And many generations of our race
Have sprang up and faded like the forest leaves.
The mightiest temples reared by human pride
Have long been scattered by a thousand storms."

"But ye remain!
And many pilgrims yearly turn aside
From their far journeyings
To come and pause
Amid your shattered wrecks
As lone and wild as those of
Tadmor of the desert."

(Found in an old scrap book)

The Alamo.



"THE SHRINE OF TEXAS LIBERTY."

THE Alamo, on the north east corner of Alamo Plaza is one of the historic buildings of the world. A stone on the front bears the date 1757, which doubtless means the time of dedication. The mission was originally founded on the banks of the Rio Grande, in 1703, and after being twice removed to different sites was finally brought to San Antonio, where the corner stone was laid in 1744.

Originally the building covered nearly all of the eastern part of Alamo plaza. It consisted of the church and convent, prisons, out buildings, and the various enclosures necessary for protection and utility.

The original ground plan included what is now the site of the Federal building, the west side of the Alamo plaza to the opera house, and eastward to the circular curb of the plaza garden. The convent walls still stand, but are unsightly with the addition of wooden battlements. This convent building was one hundred and ninety one feet long, and its enclosure was the scene of the siege of the Alamo. The chapel itself was the scene of the last desperate stand, and the place made sacred by the worship of its founders was further hallowed by the death of martyrs. The church, which was built in the form of a cross, has been restored to something of its original beauty and simplicity.

In 1835 came the trouble with Santa Anna, when the Mexican republicans joined the Americans against the dictator. Gonzales, Goliad, Conception and the siege of San Antonio followed each other in quick succession. Ben Milam, with three hundred followers, took the town from General Cos, a Mexican General whom Santa Anna had sent to hold it, but the Texas government was in confusion and her soldiers scattered, so that they were unable to follow the advantage so gained. About eighty men com-

prised the entire military force. At this time Travis took command and was able to draw to himself thirty additional men; brave Bowie came with thirty more, and a number of Mexican republicans joined the Texas forces.

Santa Anna came against the little force of about one hundred and eighty men very unexpectedly. The Americans retired to the Alamo, where they raised the Mexican flag of 1824, it being the banner which stood for "Constitution and freedom." Among the number who gave their lives for the defense of Texas liberty were Davy Crockett, the mighty hunter of Tennessee; Travis, grave and silent; Bowie, gay and handsome; and Bonham, who went for re-enforcements and came back in the face of certain death.

The defenders of the Alamo fully realized their desperate position, and when Travis drew a line with his sword and called for those who were willing to defend the fortress until death to come across to him there was neither indecision nor shrinking. Bowie was very ill with typhoid fever, and was unable to arise. "Lift my cot over the line, boys," he commanded, unable to do more than set a high example of fortitude and courage, an example which was appreciated but not needed.

The letter which Travis wrote asking for re-enforcements, breathes the purest patriotism and loftiest ideals. The style is of that simplicity which comes from earnestness of purpose and a fixed determination as to the right course to pursue. Nothing of self-seeking or vain glory breathes through this message which will echo through the ages.

"Commandancy of the Alamo, Bexar February 24, 1836."

*"Fellow-citizens and Compatriots:—*I am besieged by a thousand or more of the Mexicans under Santa Anna. I have sustained a strong bombardment for twenty four hours, and have not lost a man. The enemy have demanded a surrender at discretion, otherwise the garrison is to be put to the sword, if the place be taken. I have answered with a cannon shot, and our flag still waves proudly from the walls. I shall never surrender nor retreat. Then I call on you in the name of liberty, of patriotism, and of everything dear to the American character, to come to our aid with all despatch. The enemy are receiving reinforcements daily, and will no doubt increase to three and four thousand in a few days. Though this call may be neglected, I am determined to sustain myself as long as possible, and die like a soldier, who never forgets what is due to his honor and that of his country. *Victory or Death!*

W BARRET TRAVIS,

"Lieutenant-Colonel Commanding.

"P. S.—The Lord is on our side. When the enemy came in sight, we had not three bushels of corn. We have since found, in deserted houses, eighty or ninety bushels, and have gotten into the walls twenty-nine or thirty beeves.
T."

Santa Anna put up a black flag on San Fernando and this meant "no quarter." He commenced and kept up a fierce cannonading for several days, but at dawn, March 6, 1836, marched to the Alamo. The Texans held their own until the Mexicans scaled the walls, then occurred a hand to hand fight. Travis was killed on the walls, Crockett in the Convent yard, and Bowie in one of the small rooms. Bonham died bravely and Evans was killed as he attempted to explode the powder magazine.

After the battle the women were taken before Santa Anna.

The Navarro family had friends and influence, so the ladies returned home though Don Navarro was against Santa Anna. Mrs. Dickerson and babe were sent with a negro servant to carry the news to the Texans and "los Americanos." It spread to San Jacinto and victory.

The alcalde was forced by Santa Anna to erect a funeral pyre. A layer of fence rails and brush was made, and on it was laid the bodies of the dead Texans, the whole was fired and the bodies of the heroes thus consumed. Some say this was done on the Alamo Plaza; others that it occurred in front of the present St. Joseph's Church.

The loss of the Mexicans must have been tremendous. The alcalde of the city, Don Pancho Ruiz, says that 2,000 fell in the assault. He burned some bodies in the trenches; others were stripped and thrown into the river.

Santa Anna's official report to the Secretary of the Navy, General Jose Maria Tornal, is a sufficient testimony to Texan bravery.

"They met with a stubborn resistance. The combat lasted more than an hour and a half, and the reserves had to be brought into action. The scene offered by this engagement was extraordinary. The men fought individually, vying with each other in heroism." Then he falsely adds: "More than 600 corpses of foreigners were burned in the ditches and entrenchments, and a great many who had escaped the bayonets of the infantry fell in the vicinity under the sabres of the cavalry. * * * We lost about seventy men killed and 300 wounded, among whom were twenty-five officers."

A great deal has been written about the Alamo but words alone can never fully portray the story of heroism.

THE ALAMO BELL RESTORED

The original bell of the Alamo has been restored to its old home, after being absent for 62 years. It was found in the river by John Twohig, in 1852, when he gave it to his father-in-law, Major J. S. Calvert. Major Calvert gave the bell to his daughter, Mrs. C. K. Johnson, who presented it to her younger son, T. L. Johnson, who recently gave it to the Alamo.

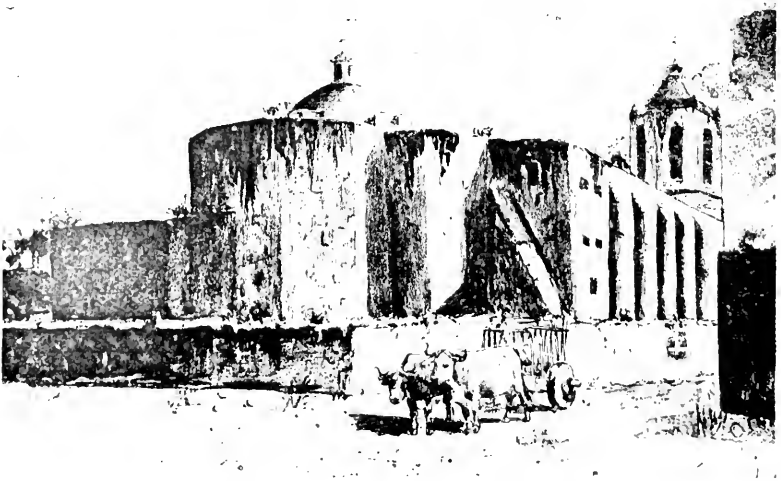
SARA S. KING.

San Fernando Cathedral.

SAN FERNANDO CATHEDRAL

This structure is a mixture of the old and new. The rear part, distinguished by its Moorish dome, massive walls and octagonal shape, remains to tell over and over the story of its inception and building under the invocation of the Virgin and Our Lady of Guadalupe, when San Antonio was a royal Spanish presidio. The church was built by subscription and many names which appear among the original contributors are still familiar. It contains an old and interesting font as well as several good pictures which are well worth seeing.

The church is open all day and is under the care of a sacristan. In the church records which are kept on file may be found many items of interest. Numerous Indian as well as familiar Spanish names appear, and here too, one may read the marriage contract of Ursula Veramendi and James Bowie.

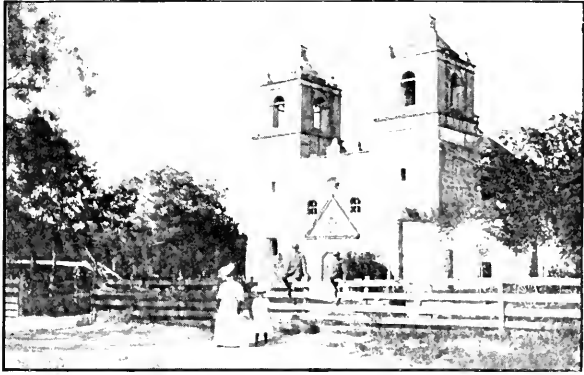


REAR VIEW OF ORIGINAL BUILDING—FROM A DRAWING BY JULIA JOHNSTON.

Mission Concepcion, or First Mission.

CHURCH records show that the foundation stone of this building was laid March 5th, 1731, and that the building was completed twenty-one years later. The name refers to the Immaculate Conception, which was at that time a burning question in church circles.

Driving out the "loop" road, the first glimpse of its Moorish dome and "twin towers," against the gray green of the mesquites presents a scene which is picturesque in the extreme. Somber gray walls seem to blend

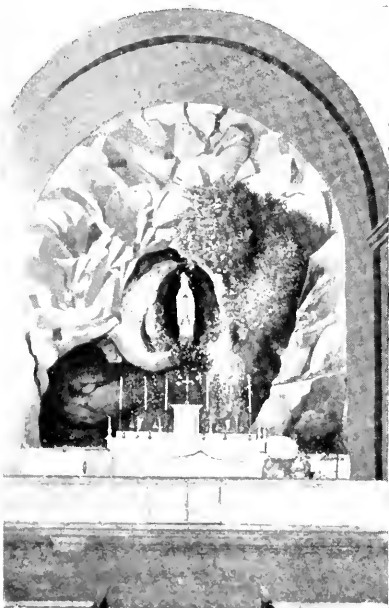


"WITH THESE ARMS BE MINDFUL OF THE MISSION'S PATRONESS AND PRINCESS."

into the barrenness of the surroundings, and it requires a vivid imagination to clothe the adjoining fields with the rich purple and green of great vineyards which once supplied the padres with a vintage so rare that it was shipped to Spain where the "Mission" wine was esteemed as possessing the richest flavor.

The front entrance bears above the center of the door way a shield with arms and devices upon which is carved this legend in Spanish:—"with these arms be mindful to the Mission's Patroness and Princess, and defend the state of her purity." Over the legend is carved the knotted scourge of the order of St. Francis.

The front still bears traces of gorgeous coloring, for it was frescoed all over with red and blue crosses of different patterns, and with yellow and orange squares.



THE ALTAR AT MISSION CONCEPCION.

The Baptistry walls also show traces of frescoes in vivid coloring, that of the crucifixion, just above the font, being plainly visible. The font itself is unique. It is of solid stone let into the south wall. A crude carved figure with outstretched arms appears to support the rim.

The chapel is in constant use for religious services. It has an earthen floor, cheap modern wooden benches, and an altar which is gay with decorations of paper flowers, gayly colored candles, etc.

About a quarter of a mile to the east of Mission Concepcion, in a bend of the river, occurred a battle between an advance guard of the Texas army of Independence, and the Mexican forces under Cos who held San Antonio. This occurred on Wednesday, October 28th, 1835. The Texas forces were lead by Col. James Bowie and Captain Fannin, and consisted of ninety men against four hundred Mexicans. The Texans reached their place of encampment the afternoon of the preceding day, and just at sundown they were greeted by a dull boom and a cannon shot tore through the air and burried itself in the earth beyond the camp. The shot was from a gun mounted in the tower of Mission Jose, two miles distant.

About eight o'clock Wednesday morning the battle was opened by a shot from the rifle of Henry Karnes, the sentinel who first discovered the approach of the Mexican army, which on account of a dense fog was unperceived. The Texans were covered by a steep embankment, and firing slowly, deliberately, and with deadly aim, lost but one man, while the enemy's loss in the engagement, which lasted only thirty minutes, was about sixty killed, many being officers, and an equal number wounded.

At noon a flag was sent out by the Mexicans in charge of the parish priest, for permission to bury their dead, which was granted them.



San Jose; or Second Mission.

"THE FINEST GEM OF ARCHITECTURE IN THE U. S."

Mission San Jose de Aguayo, or second mission, is so called in honor of St. Joseph and Governor de Aguayo and is the most beautiful mission in the United States. It was founded in 1720 and took eight years to build. Its carvings, the work of Huicar, a celebrated Spanish sculptor, are marvelous. The facade, especially, is rich in design. Besides Our Lady of Guadalupe there are figures of San Jose, San Benedictine, San Augustine and San Francisco. These statues mostly occupy recesses with conch like canopies and wonderful cornices. Sacred hearts and cherubs' heads are blended with conventional designs rich in curves and scrolls. The south window of the baptistry is considered by judges to be the finest gem of architectural ornamentation existing in America to-day.



THE ENTRANCE TO THE CHAPEL.

Directly facing the building stands the granary, with its picturesque flying buttresses and arched roof. Mexican families still cluster about the mission and add the necessary bit of local color to the grimness of the silent old walls.

The entrance to the present chapel, the original baptistry, is through an ancient pair of hand carved cedar double doors. The arch and side stones are

beautifully sculptured. In this little chapel services are still held occasionally. The walls back of the altar are decorated with gaudy patchwork distinctly Mexican, and the altar itself is enriched with gaily colored paper roses, papier mache animals, and bright hued candles placed there as offerings by the pious.

A double series of arches extending from the building mark the cloisters and cells. Corner in his San Antonio de Bexar says: "In 1859 some Benedictine fathers arrived here from St. Vincent's Abbey in the Pittsburg Diocese, Pennsylvania, with the intention of rebuilding these rooms and cloisters for scholastic purposes. The intention was only partially carried into effect. The industrious fathers rebuilt many of the upper Gothic arches, as far as can be learned, manufacturing their own red bricks for the purpose and making the big oven at the east end.



OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE;
a detail of carving on front door.

Their plans were never carried out, doubtless owing to the fact that the civil war created so much turmoil and such a great upheaval that it was found best to abandon it.

Deaf Smith, the Texas Scout.

Deaf to sweet chidhood's lisping tones, when singing
Amid the prairie wild flowers, gladly ringing;
Deaf to the lapse of murmuring water's sound,
Deaf to earth's many voices echoing 'round,
But feeling thy great need, I started with a bound.

Deaf to my mother's song; yes, deaf to that sweet strain
That memory for manhood murmurs o'er again.
Deaf to the parting words of friend, who by the knife
Of savage foeman yielded up his life.
But never deaf to thee, amid thy storm and strife.

From out our country's needs grew up the power
Of keener instincts, suited to the hour;
Though deaf to all, with heart, and brain and eye,
I felt what others heard, and feeling thy deep cry,
My strength was thine, Oh, Texas, live or die!

JULIA LEE SINKS.

San Juan; or Third Mission.

Mission San Juan is less picturesque and remarkable than either Concepcion or San Jose, but it has the same general plan of chapel, convent and granary.

The mission received its name from Santo Giovanni di Capistrano, a friar of the Franciscan order. The mission was begun March 5th, 1731. This mission, unlike those of Concepcion and San Jose, forms part of and is built into the boundary wall. It is claimed that in the neighborhood of this mission among the Mexicans are to be found more distinct traces of the Indian in faces and characteristics than anywhere else in Texas.

Nearby is the old aqueduct made by the Franciscan fathers over a hundred and fifty years ago. A

series of low, massive arches extremely picturesque, carries the water over the Piedra creek to irrigate the land of the fourth mission. On bright days the women of the neighborhood are congregated there with their family washings, and their presence adds the only needed bit of atmosphere.

The three bells of this mission are rung three times a day. A movement to restore this building is under way.

San Francisco de la Espada; or Fourth Mission.



THE FIRST CAMPING GROUND OF THE TEXAS
ARMY OF INDEPENDENCE.

About nine miles from the city, in a charmingly beautiful spot on the west bank of the river, the grim remains of this old mission speak eloquently of the burning zeal of the Franciscan fathers. It was erected in 1731. Tradition says that the old tower of the chapel was built in the form of the hilt of a sword, and the mission named after "St. Francis of the Sword." For years good Father Bonchu served the people as priest, physician, photographer and stone mason, and his name is still revered among them. Tradition also tells that the mortar used in building the walls was mixed with asses milk which the priests consecrated to the service.

A beautiful grove of trees occupies the square which is still plainly outlined by the crumbling walls, and the well yet furnishes refreshment to the Mexican families which reside in tumble down jacals.

It was in this square that the Texas army of independence first made its camping ground, and it was also here that Austin joined the troops as commander in chief upon his escape from Mexico.

A movement is on foot for the restoration of the old building, and it is planned that Christmas day will see the fruition of these hopes, and that its walls will again resound with songs of praise and thanksgiving.

The Pathos of a Lonely Life

"How wonderful to find this bit of old world architecture on the lonely prairie. The artist who designed it and carved it into this beautiful proportion and symetry was a Spaniard. He crossed the seas to make a fortune for the girl he loved, who was to wait for him, keeping faith, until he should return. Years went by, and the girl grew sick at heart with hope deferred. Letters were few, time was making lines on her brow; other lovers were suing for her hand; her father and mother died;—you can guess what followed. Many women have done the same before, and many will do it again. She accepted a man who could take care of her, and the poor devil across the seas was forgotten.

"He, in the meantime, worked on, for hope nestled in his heart. The day came when everything was ready for his return to claim his bride. He achieved fame and fortune. Just as he was starting for the little Spanish village across the waters, he received the news of his sweetheart's disloyalty. He forfeited his passage money and joined a body of priests who were on their way to the wilds of Texas. Later he assumed their vows, donned their habit, and put love and the world behind him. When this Mission was planned he asked permission to help build it, and it was then that his companions discovered that he was a skilled artisan, a genius, in fact, who might have had the world at his feet had he continued to work in it and for it.

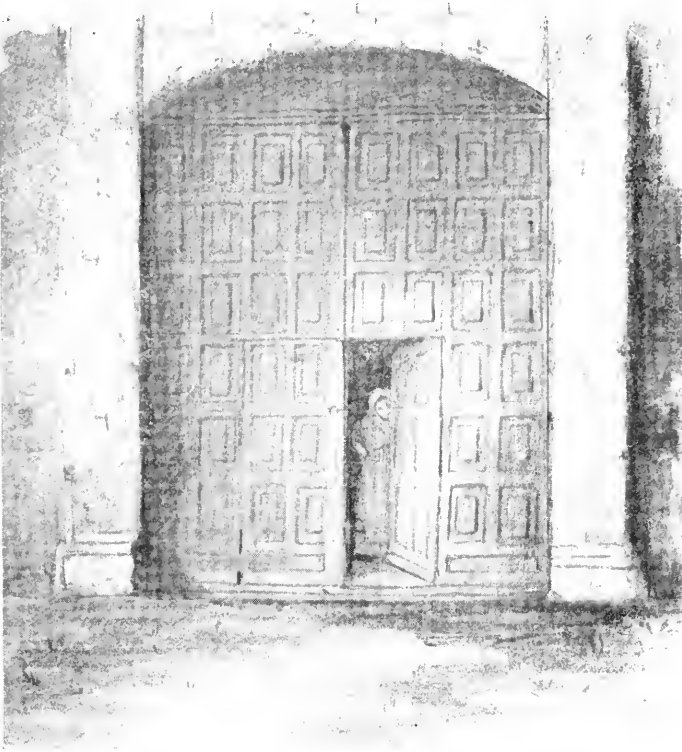
"This window, said by experts to be as perfect in form and workmanship as anything found in the cathedrals of the old world, is the memorial he left of himself. The winter after it was finished he caught a severe cold and died of diseased lungs; but the Brothers knew that it was of a broken heart. He had wrought into this window the pathos and passion of his lonely life, and there was no vitality left to carry him any further on the road."

NORA FRANKLIN McCORMICK.

The Passing Show, a weekly journal of public interest published in San Antonio, has adopted the window as its permanent cover design. The original drawing was made by Miss Flo Eager, who is now the wife of Major Roberts of the United States Army.

Subscriptions to the Passing Show may be secured at any news stand, or directly from the publishers at two dollars a year.





THE VERAMENDI DOORS—FROM A DRAWING BY JULIA JOHNSTON.

To the Veramendi.

“So many years have known you,
 So many tongues have told you,
 Release the chain that holds you,
 Release the charm that enfolds you,
 Ancient Veramendi.”

“Tell of the one whose soul unshriven
 Entrance sought to fields elysian;
 One whose passing cast a halo
 Over court and street and window,
 Sacred Veramendi.”

“Court whose soil was thus made holy
 By a grave, unmarked and lowly.
 Thus the fates with glory crowned thee,
 To our hearts with blood hath bound thee,
 Milam's Veramendi.”

EMILY KING COOLEY.

The Veramendi.

IT was in September, 1830, that Señor Juan Martin Veramendi was elected vice-governor of the state of Coahuila and Texas. The election gave great satisfaction to Texas, as the new vice-governor was a resident of San Antonio, and a man of justice and liberal principles.

The president of the Republic of Mexico, Bustamante, had been very unfavorable to the colonization of Texas by people from the United States, and the officials who preceded Veramendi curried favor with the powers by establishing marshal law, taking the property away from colonists, and forbidding their settlement in Texas.

It was at this time that James Bowie made his appearance on the scene. He is described as "quite sociable, and somewhat disposed to intemperance, but never drunk." He was also said to be possessed of a great personal magnetism and extremely free with his money. His muscular power was wonderful and his brother said it was a favorite sport with him to rope and ride alligators. Of course he only indulged himself in that amusement in Louisiana, because the San Antonio river has never been sluggish enough to support alligators.

However, his physical perfections and prowess enabled him to woo and win Ursula Veramendi, the dark eyed daughter of the vice-governor. Their married happiness was short lived, however, for Mrs. Bowie, in the troublous times which were fast approaching, was sent to Mexico with her family, where, she died of small pox, and her husband gave his life to the cause of Texas liberty with Travis and Crockett and Bonham in the Alamo.

So it is pleasant to remember that the grim old walls of the Veramendi house still standing on Soledad Street between Houston and Commerce, have listened to the romance and poetry of love's young dream, as well as to the horror and tragedy of war.

Ditches



THE ONLY DITCH LEFT MAY BE SEEN ON N. FLORES ST.

In days of old the irrigation ditches were called "acequias." Their building was an inspiration of the holy Franciscans, and they enter into the history of the city to a great degree as a knowledge of the building of acequias means an insight into the early history of the city. The formation of a company of share holders, the permission of his Majesty, the King of Spain, through his representative, the governor, the election or appointment of the Acequidor, (the constructor of acequias), the drawing

of lots among the shareholders of the company for the "suertas" of land, the blessing of the water, and the great feast on the day of their completion, all read like a romance.

The king granted these rights upon condition that the owners thereof should keep the channels clean and clear; the locks, water-gates, sluices, fences, aqueducts, etc., in proper repair, and upon further condition that each owner would agree to keep one horse, with arms and ammunition, always in readiness for the protection of the colony.

The Pajalache, or Concepcion ditch, was the oldest of the "acequias." It served its purpose about one hundred and forty years, and was finally abandoned in 1869. It was provided with water by a high dam built across the river a short distance above the dam of the old Lewis mill. Through a deep cut the waters flowed southward paralleling Garden street to water the vineyards of Mission Concepcion, and to join the river below, irrigating the valley by means of laterals. This "acequia," tradition has it, was made so deep and wide that the fathers and Indians kept boats upon it, and

used it as a means of transportation between the presidio and missions. In places its course may still be traced.

San Pedro ditch is fed by the head waters of the San Pedro Springs. It takes its course down North Flores street, a picturesque bit of the past.

The Alamo Madre ditch was built to supply water to the Alamo mission. Its source was the head of the river, and its course a little east of River Avenue. One of its branches, until very recently, flowed by the east end of Alamo church, (the channel still remains), and it is said to have supplied the besieged with water in the terrible struggle of 1836. A lateral of this branch reached around the north and western boundaries of Alamo Plaza, passed in front of the stores facing the plaza, through the opera house grounds and thence to the river on Crockett street.

In the county records may be found many documents relating to the acequia known as the Upper Labor. This ditch had its source in the head of the river, took its course down the rock quarry road, reached around Tobin Hill, across San Pedro Avenue and joined the San Pedro ditch at the Rodriguez property near the west extremity of Laurel street.

Each "mother" ditch had its laterals, the laterals in turn had branches, here, there and everywhere, and it will thus be seen that the network of irrigating ditches, together with the river, made of the valley a garden spot. Where these ditches intersected, a crossing was made by means of a "canoa," as the Spanish records have it—a canoe or hollowed log of cypress.

The day of the primitive waterworks system is a thing of the past, and only one of the ditches remains. Today the city may boast of the finest system of waterworks, and the most unlimited supply of pure, crystal clear artesian water in the entire southland, so the old ditches, having served their purpose, are relegated to the past.



Campo Santo de San Fernando.

WHEN in the historic city of San Antonio it will be worth your while to visit the San Fernando Cemetery. It cannot be reached by street car, but lies about two miles from the city hall, across



Carr's Hill to the extreme southwestern portion. Enclosed by a high stone wall and far from the din and noise of our prosperous city, it rests peaceful and quiet in its loneliness, the stillness broken

only by the singing of mockingbirds in the mesquite trees, the twang of a guitar sounding from the Mexican jacals in the vicinity, or the occasional whistle of the Aransas Pass train speeding along at the foot of this "city of the dead."

The older residents of the city, and there are not so many with us now, remember when this place was unknown, but a lot and a half, enclosed by a stone wall, was owned by the Catholics where the imposing Santa Rosa hospital now stands. Here other dead were laid away. Just outside was the Protestant grave yard, but as time swept over the little town, she arose, rubbed her sleepy eyes, and stretching out her arms for more breathing space, pushed aside these little earth mounds and lo! fairy like in their place stood macadamized Houston Street, Milam park, and later the Market House.

As one enters the wide gate in the stone wall, and pauses for a moment beneath the iron arch bearing the inscription, "Cementerio de San Fernando," perhaps the most noticeable thing will be the manner in which space has been utilized, as in many instances one grave almost overlaps the other, nearly every one being marked by a white or black wooden cross, many of these conspicuous in their crudeness, being the handiwork of the loved one left to mourn. Twined about the arms of these crosses one sees wreaths of paper or cloth roses; in most instances the colors selected bring black or white, but red, blue, yellow and green are used.



CAMPO SANTO DE SAN FERNANDO.

The atmosphere of every cemetery is laden with sad and pathetic impressions, but in this one in particular, used so much by the poorer classes of Mexicans, there is such a note of humbleness and contrition in accepting the will of God, that one's heartstrings are touched when standing by some mound and seeing the manner in which the grave has been cared for by the sleeping one's relatives or friends. For instance, a baby's grave has been inclosed by a wooden cradle in which the little one lay sleeping before God called it to Himself, and on the piece of tin at its foot, "Babita mia," (my baby) is all that one will ever know of its little life.

Another grave has a whiskey flask tied with a piece of twine to a wooden slab. Inclosed in the bottle, in some seemingly miraculous way, is a small tin cross covered with tiny paper roses. One finds many tin boxes with pictures of the Blessed Virgin or infant Jesus under glass covers, and one of these boxes represents a window with the small dotted swiss curtains drawn back and tied with red ribbons. In another place is a highly ornate cross which has a square piece of tin fastened to its center. This has been painted white, a wreath of blue and pink flowers with green leaves adorns it and the following inscription is printed thereon: "El niño Juan Cardova — Falleció el 21 de Nov. 1903 á La Edad 5 años. Su Padre le Dedica Este Recuerdo."

Again one sees large paper roses tied to a bush growing on the grave or a figure of a gilded half moon, the nose of which is being roughly pulled by the little mischievous Cupid.

One grave has electric light globes sunk into the top in the shape of a cross and there are many covered with gaily colored bottles and shells. Many weather beaten slabs bear the dates 1855, 1858 or 1860 and on the stones are such names as Santa Ana Aya, Santos V. de Montalvo, Maria Oca de Cantu, Vencesladita Chagoya, Angelita G. de Correón, Josefina Hernandez, Juan Cortez, bringing to mind the old Spanish grandes and the days of Mexican chivalry and romance.

Many of the oldest, best known Mexicans, and some of our German, Italian and French citizens, have their loved ones sleeping here. The well kept lots and elegant monuments bear the names of Bryan Callaghan, father of our present mayor, Dunbar, Castañola, Devine, Mocegemba, Garza, Casiano; Giraud Jaques, one of the oldest American families to settle in San Antonio, and John Twohig of the Mier expedition fame, who for many years was one of our best known bankers.

In the center of the cemetery is a large statue of Christ on the cross. It has stood there for many years, but about Christmas time it was newly painted and decorated. Today at its foot may be seen a large mound of small stones, placed there one by one, by different penitents, each rock representing a prayer. Here also lies the late Bishop Neraz, so well known in the Catholic diocese of Southwest Texas. To the left of this statue may be found a plot set aside for the nuns, each grave being marked by a small wooden cross bearing an image of the sacred heart, and an inscription, "Pray for. . . ." and then the name of the sister sleeping beneath.

All Souls and all Saints days find the quiet little cemetery wakeful in its gorgeousness. For months the poorer Mexicans have saved and denied themselves perhaps the actual necessities of life, to bring their little offerings to the loved ones gone before, and to be able to have the priest visit the grave to sprinkle it with holy water and chant the Latin prayers.

If the angel of death has taken an infant from a lowly home, the cradle is decorated with paper flowers and brought to the cemetery and placed upon the little mound. If the family happens to possess an enlarged picture of the departed loved one, it is draped in black and hung upon the cross of the slab for these two days. Wreaths of laurel and paper flowers, fringes of white and black cloth, and crosses of beads are all fashioned by patient and loving hands, and an observer standing here wonders if the loved ones sleeping can know and see and feel this sweet self-sacrifice, and if they are happier for it in the great unknown.

Perhaps the chief and most and marked trait in the Mexican character, especially among the lower classes, is the unbounded faith they have in God's mercy, and the wisdom of his plans. Sea por Dios (as God wills), is the motto that fits every event, happy or sad, that breaks the monotony of their

lowly lives, and so, like them, we feel after visiting this little "cementerio," that lengthened breath is not always the sweetest gift that God can send us, and that His plans move on as best for you and me. This is only one of the lessons learned in this quaint old Campo Santo de San Fernando.

NANNIE E. WHITE.



A MEXICAN JACAL NEAR THE CEMETERY.

Mexican Element in San Antonio.

AMONG the many attractive features of San Antonio, there is none that appeals more to the lover of the picturesque, than the impress of the Mexican element. And not alone is this true of the more salient features, but of the little homely details, the familiar sights, that to residents here have become so much a matter of course that they are scarcely noticed, though the same things, if seen abroad, would strike them as full of novelty and charm, things which are so full of interest to tourists. The plazas seem to hold echoes of the past, and one can almost fancy the sound of the guitar and the Spanish love song lingering yet among the shadows, but there are many others, whose charm is of the present, equally as fascinating and compelling. The little Mexican jacals themselves, as dwellings of the very poor, have not a parallel. Woven as ingeniously as a bird's nest, of every conceivable material, they rival Henry Grady's "Patchwork Palace" in ingenuity of construction, and far outstrip it in picturesqueness of setting and environment. One of these miniature homes on one of the principal streets, leans in most confiding juxtaposition to a thriving up to date beer saloon, with the street cars running directly in front, the river and a tangle of wild wood at the back. It is too low for any position except reclining, and its occupants evidently use it only for this purpose, as all their household duties are naively performed out of doors, a free open air clinic in domestic science, with the pelon dogs and pretty naked brown children tumbling about promiscuously, and the head of the family peacefully smoking cigarettes in a chair leaning against which ever happens to be the shady wall.

It is the frequent occurrence of such pictures as this that gives to San Antonio her distinctive charm, and air of "difference," as well as the constant appearance in the streets of the different types. Here is the "tamale man" with his little portable stove and wailing cry which a stranger might mistake for a muezzin call until it is translated for him as being "hot tamales" which in turn is explained to mean a Mexican dainty consisting of a very small amount of meat and pepper wrapped up in a slightly more generous shell of corn dough and the whole enveloped in a very voluminous outer garment of shucks. The women passing about in the streets with shawls draped about head and shoulders are notable in a throng where individuals of every other nationality wear hats.

The barefooted children, almost all of whom are beautiful and who are usually clad in little else beside their pulchritude, lend a foreign air to every public place, and there, too, is the candy man crying his "dulcies" in his soft persuasive voice so different from the abrupt business like tones of the other vendors.

The Mexican beggar is a type distinct and alone. There is nothing exactly like him anywhere else on earth. His infirmities, which are the assests of his craft, are many and ostentatiously displayed and though one may be confident that the cruelest of them will disappear in the privacy of home, still the tremblings and quaverings, the hideous deformities and piteously rolling eyes, combined with murmured prayers and benedictions, never fail to beguile a coin from the most unbelieving Samaritan. With the Mexican, begging is a profession, honorable to all but particularly sacred to the aged and infirm, and they approach their benefactors with none of the slouching debased air of the white tramp, nor the cringing humility, (or impudence as the case may be), of the negro, but with gentle confidence and good fellowship, and bounteous return of smiles and blessing, likening one to all the saints and angels in heaven, and commending one to the good graces of "Maria y Jesus y Deos" with such ardor and confidence that the bestower of the charity feels that his small alms is but a base return for so much good invoked.

They are a gentle and courteous people, old and young, and appeal to the sympathies and the imagination as children do.

But the Mexican feature "par excellence" of San Antonio is the chili stand which for some years had been relegated to the nether world known as the "West side" but which of late has been again permitted to establish itself in the shadow of the gray Alamo, where it rightly belongs, the one enhancing the other in a picture standing out clear and distinct as a silhouette from the conventional surroundings. Here, as soon as the shades of evening begin to fall, as if by magic, rows of little tables spring up, flanked by long seats, fires burn brightly, odors of garlic and chili fill the air, and the chili queen plies her trade. Where but an hour ago was a vacant space, or one given over to moving vans, now a busy little community of the "under-world" is still alive.

Whole families are at work, some times four generations, for they are long lived these Mexicans. "Papa" is chopping meat and lading out chili con carne for the throng of customers, and superintending things generally; "Mamma" tends the glowing furnace whereon are cooked the tortillas and enchilladas, the chili and "sopa de arroz"; small boys run briskly about on divers errands, followed by patient but expectant dogs, and the señoritas

tend the tables and attract custom, while "mamma grande" in the background plies the metate stone, and amuses the baby lying on the ground; keeping time to the click of the metate with her nodding head, she drones

"Pon pon tata
Medecita por mama,
Medecita por papa
Yi un por me chiquita."

the Mexican version of the world wide "pat-a-cake."

It is all very picturesque and very foreign, and yet so familiar and intimate, so much our very own, that as the "wee sma" hours approach and the little tables and fires fade into the nothingness from whence they sprang, we are glad to know that "mañana" will bring them back again; that despite the destroying hand of "progress" and "improvement" some of the land marks will stand and that our Mexicans "are always with us."

GUSSIE SCOTT CHANEY.

[The following poem was written by the grand-daughter of Mrs. Elizabeth Ogden, one of the Texas pioneers. The fact that the writer is still a young girl, gives much promise for the future.]

The Sea.

The sea! the sea! the glistening sea,
The bright, the blue, the ever free!
Gathering color from the summer skies
That can rival only babies' eyes.
See how it sparkles in the brilliant sun,
How up the beach tiny wavelets run,
To break in a rim of silver foam!
And then sink back to their ocean home.

The sea! the sea! the angry sea,
The grey, the sublime, the ever free!
Tossing its white-capped waves so high
They seem to meet and strike the sky!
And up the the beach, with sudden shock,
They burst against the light-house rock,
With fearful roar, and crash and force;
And none but God can change their course.

MARY ELIZABETH WILSON.

“The American Bivouac on the Banks of the Rio Grande.”

BY G. W. PATTON, U. S. A.

(This poem was copied from a very old book of poems now in the Alamo.)

“A song went up at the close of the day
From the shining lands where the gold mines lay;
Strangely the while mid citrus ripe
Glistened the flag of the stars and stripes.
There were foreign bands in the sunset light,
Lying at their ease on their falchions bright,
And they lifted their heads the vines among,
At the thrilling sounds of their native tongue.”

“Tis glorious—O! Tis glorious,
(Glad voices swell the lay)
Flags amid the citron trees!
And the trump that wakes the day!
The lances bathed in liquid light—
And the steeds that swept the plain—
Tis glorious—O! tis glorious.
On the charge again!”

“Nay! glorious—O! 'tis glorious—
(Rang the exultant cry)
To mark the floating of the stripes
Amid the battle cry;
Beside the eagle's glittering crest,
To watch its proud career,
And with an arm above the rest,
To strike mid shout and cheer.”

“But 'tis lonely—O! tis lonely;
(A voice desponding sighed)
That we should leave the peaceful hearth
For the battle's stormy tide;
That we should change for language
 strange
Fond words we understood.
'Tis lonely—O! 'tis lonely
This march through foreign lands.”

“'Tis lonely, O! 'tis lonely;
(Still sighed the yearning heart)
All day we hear the roll that tells
How human hopes depart;
Lo! cross his hands upon his
 breast,
Which beat like yours for fame;
And bear him to that place of rest,
A grave without a name.”

“And the song was hushed on the evening breeze,
And the day grew dim through the plantain trees,
And the brows that were lit by the sunset West
On the palm leaf pillows drooped down in rest
Some to recall their native sky,
And some to dream of victory.”

Sidney Lanier in San Antonio.



SIDNEY LANIER spent the time from April, 1872, to Dec. 1873, in San Antonio in search of health. That his poetical nature was highly susceptible to the charms of natural environment and cosmopolitan life is shown by his historical sketch of "San Antonio de Bexar," which Mr. Corner has incorporated in his book of the same name. It is the most readable short story of Texas history which has ever been written, touched as it is with the fire of genius, and relieved by characteristic bits of humor.

Mr. Hilton R. Greer, in writing of this experience of Lanier's life for the Passing Show of July 6th, 07, says:—

"Poet though he was of the truest type, Sidney Lanier was first and always the musician. He reveled in the harmony of sweet sounds and under the spell of melody was lifted to a sphere of exaltation that bordered on spirit-trance.

He found keenest delight in intimate soul-touch with musicians and here in San Antonio he met kindred spirits, for then as now the very atmosphere of the city bred a passionate love for music in its many forms."

The following letter to his wife, discovered in old files of Scribner's Magazine, where it was printed with others a few years after the poet's death, is possessed of special interest to the musicians of San Antonio, presenting as it does a phase of the musical life of that time.

"San Antonio, Jan. 30, 1873.

"Last night at 8 o'clock came Mr. Schiedemantel, a genuine lover of music and a fine pianist, to take me to the Maennerchor, which meets every Wednesday night for practice. Quickly we came to a hall, one end of which was occupied by a minute stage with appurtenances, and a piano, and in the middle thereof a long table at which each singer sat down as he came in.

"Presently seventeen Germans were seated at the singing table, long-necked bottles of Rhine wine were opened and tasted, great pipes and cigars were all afire, the leader, Herr Thielepape—an old man with a long white beard and moustache, formerly mayor of the city—rapped his tuning fork vigorously, gave the chords by rapid *arpeggios* of his voice (a wonderful, wild, high tenor such as thou wouldst dream the old Welsh harpers had, wherewith to sing songs that would cut against the fierce sea blasts) and off they all swung into such a noble, noble old German full voiced *lied* that imperious tears rushed to my eyes and I could scarce restrain myself from running and kissing each one in turn, and from howling dolefully the while.

"And so—with these great chords—we drove through the evening until twelve o'clock, absorbing immense quantities of Rhine wine and beer, whereof I imbibed my full share. After the second song I was called on to play, and lifted my poor old flute in air with tumultuous beating heart, for I had no confidence in that or in myself.

"But *du Himmel!* Thou shouldst have heard mine old love warble herself forth. To my utter astonishment, I was perfect master of the instrument. Is not this most strange? Thou knowest I had never learned it, and thou rememberest what a poor muddle I made at Marietta in playing difficult passages; and I certainly have not practiced; and yet there I commanded and the blessed notes obeyed me, and when I had finished amid a storm of applause Herr Thielepape arose and ran to me and grasped my hand and declared that he 'had nefer heert der flute accompany itself pefore.'

"I played once more during the evening and ended with even more rapturous bravos than before, Mr. Schiedemantel grasping my hand this time and thanking me very earnestly.

"My heart, which was hurt greatly when I went into the music room, came forth from the holy bath of concords greatly strengthened and quieted and so remained today. I also feel better than in a long time before. Moreover, I am still master of the flute, and she hath given forth to me today such tones as I have never heard from a flute before.

"For these things I humbly thank God."

"San Antonio, Historical and Modern" was not designed as only a history, nor as merely a guide to the city. A popular historical sketch may be found in Corner's "San Antonio de Bexar," which may be had at the Carnegie Library, while "The Visitor's Guide," published by Nic Tengg meets the requirements of tourists and sight-seers to the city most excellently.

The idea which the publishers have endeavored to carry out was to preserve some of the quaint and characteristic bits of romance and history which has made San Antonio such a charming memory to all who have fallen under the spell of its attractions.

The cover design is especially unique in that it contains the six flags which have waved over Texas at the varying stages of its existence. These flags were studied out by Mr. William Moore White and are historically correct. Mr. White has had the design copy-righted, and it was through his courtesy and the interest which he has in the book that the publishers were permitted to use it.

The San Antonio River.



SPANISH MOSS IN ITS NATIVE HAUNT

THERE is always something of beauty and of romance about even the most prosaic of rivers, but a winding, sparkling stream, dallying with the sunbeams in open spaces, then halting in deep, dark pools under shelter of great pecan trees only to dash off into cascades and waterfalls;—such a river is singing love songs from morning to night.

The San Antonio river, from the time it bursts forth in Brackenridge park, begins its sinuous course, curving, twisting, winding its way throughout the heart of the city, affording many picturesque bits of sylvan beauty. In some places overhanging trees are silhouetted in its clear, mirror like depths, in others great clumps of bananas lend a tropical atmosphere the year round, for in their sheltered positions they are often untouched by frost.

From the earliest day, the river has contributed greatly to the pleasure of the inhabitants of the city, as well as to its beauty. A former mayor of the city, Mr. Giraud, appreciating its wonderful possibilities for landscape effects, advocated leaving a broad driveway of twenty varras on either side of the stream, but his council were too short-sighted to support him in the movement, and now, alas! buildings have encroached upon its domains, and instead of the beautiful curve of natural shoe line, one is often compelled to look upon stiff lines formed by brick and mortar, and it is only by leaving the city limits that one can appreciate its real beauty.

Boating was once the favorite sport, and bathing too, many families having their own bath houses on the river's edge. Indeed the river was the evening resort for both old and young.



COMMERCE HAS NOT ENCROACHED HERE.



A CLUMP OF BANANAS AT ST. MARY STREET BRIDGE, DEC., 1844.

Parks and Plazas

San Pedro



LUDWIG MAHNCKE
Late Park Commissioner. Bust designed
by Pompeo Coppini

San Antonio is known throughout the state as the city of parks, and it justly deserves this appellation. The beautiful streams which have their rise within the city limits have done more than the hand of man could possibly accomplish towards furnishing ideal attractions for pleasure resorts. San Pedro Park is the oldest, and within its boundaries some of the most stirring events in the history of the city have taken place. It was about these lovely springs, under the spreading live oaks and stately pecans, that the Indians struck their tepees, and it was here Canary Island settlers camped on that November day in 1730, when they first reached San Antonio de Bexar. All of the land included in this park was a part of the original royal Spanish grant 1729, and has always been a public resort.

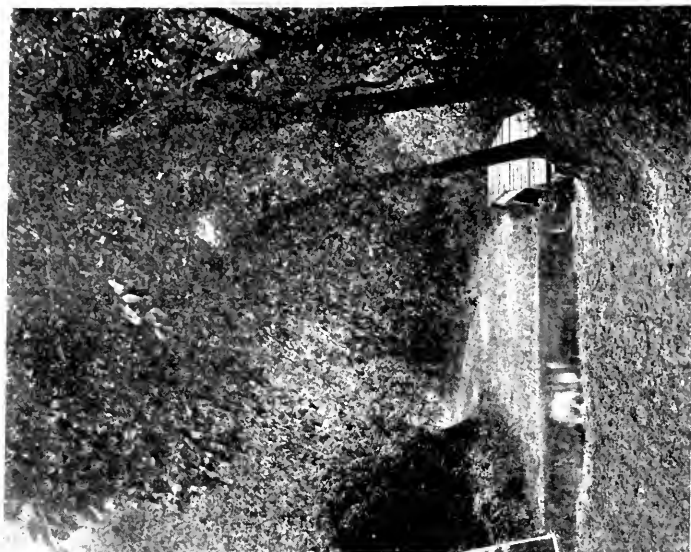
The Head of the River

The "Head of the River", about four miles from the center of the city, has always been noted as a place of exquisite beauty, and has been the scene as well of historical and social events of more than usual interest.

The San Antonio river has its rise in numerous springs that gush from the sides of rocky ledges, or boil up here and there in the green valley shaded by gigantic, moss laden oaks and carpeted by the most gorgeous wild flowers in the spring time. The largest of these is known as the Worth Spring, because it was here that General Worth camped on his return from the Mexican war, and here he died with cholera in the year 1849, and was buried nearby. His remains have since been removed to the National cemetery.

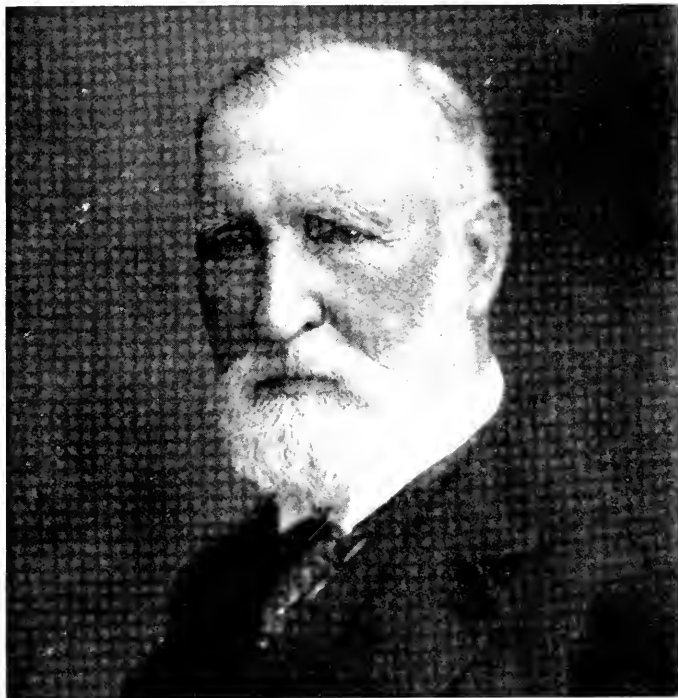
The first house built on this property was that of Mayor Sweet, the father of Alex Sweet of Texas Siftings fame. The Sweets kept open house, and one of the events of the times was a large reception given to General Sam Houston.

Soon after the close of the war the property passed into the hands of George W. Brackenridge who built an elegant house suited in style of arch-



BRACKENRIDGE PARK, SAN ANTONIO

itecture to the natural beauties of the landscape, the old Sweet home remaining, however, a picturesque annex to the more modern dwelling. For years this was the show place of Texas, and many distinguished guests found entertainment under its hospitable roof. Gen. U. S. Grant, Brignolia, the gifted Italian, McCullough the actor, Theodore Tilton, Count Szechenzi, Moody and Sankey, and many other notables were at various times the guests of the Brackenridges.



GEO. W. BRACKENRIDGE

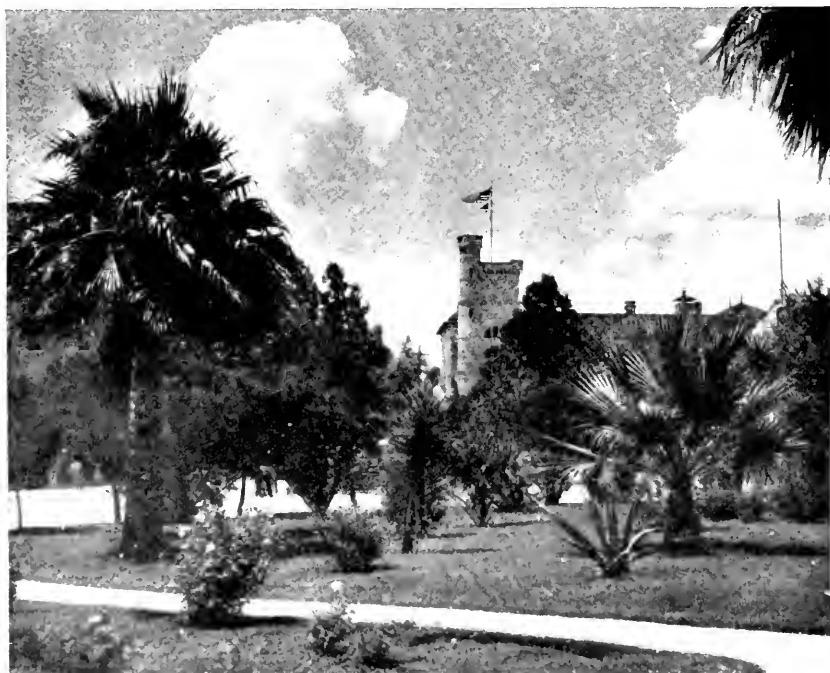
Brackenridge Park

There is no one in San Antonio who does not speak with pride of Brackenridge Park, which may be reached by River Avenue car, but as it contains three hundred and twenty-five acres, and more than twenty miles of winding roads, it is well for the visitor to take a cab or automobile. This park is one of the most perfect specimens of true sylvan beauty that the world affords. It was a gift to the city from George W. Brackenridge, a truly royal gift, (and one which will be appreciated more and more as time goes on), it having been a part of the Brackenridge estate known as the "Head of the River".

The river winds and twists its sinuous way through the entire length of the park, affording many delightful rambles and picturesque bits for "snap shots". A stroll down Lover's Lane, will make one feel that he has truly reached the Lotus land. Large live oaks, laden with Spanish moss, form graceful arches over the broad drive ways. Herds of deer, elk and buffalo, together with many hares and beautiful birds, already form the beginning of an interesting Zoo.

Mahncke park, containing ninety-three acres, is connected by a driveway with Brackenridge Park and lies within close touch with the military post and the drill grounds. This ground, too, was given by Mr. Brackenridge for park purposes, and it was named for Ludwig Mahncke.

Smaller parks and plazas abound in great numbers. The most notable of these is Alamo Plaza, in the very heart of the city, and fronting the historic Alamo. It is gay now with beautiful flowers and tropical foliage, but it is the present in the light of the past, that gives the note of interest to the stranger. Every night chili stands fill the vacant places. These are lighted by flaming lamps, and a typical Mexican cuisine is served. A few years ago the city authorities ordered these stands removed, but they had become



ALAMO PLAZA LOOKING TOWARD THE FEDERAL BUILDING.

such a picturesque part of San Antonio life that public sentiment demanded their return.

Alamo plaza is also the principal scene of the "Battle of Flowers" an annual festival which is observed on San Jacinto day, April 21st.

Military Plaza

Military plaza was laid out in 1731 under the direction of the royal commissioners, Don Jose Antonio de Ville, and Senor Sanchez. (The City Hall now occupies the center of the plaza.) The palace of the governor and army quarters outlined the square. An old hitching ring, and a long low adobe building distinguished by the arms of Spain and Austria entwined above the door, mark the remnants of the palace of Governor Antonio Cordero.

Governor Cordero's life was a stormy one, and his end uncertain. Some historians assert that he was executed for treason. Others allege that he was loyal to Spain and was among the Magee prisoners and executed by Delgado in revenge while on the way to Mexico, but the Cassiano family traditions claim that he escaped and died at Durango, Mexico, and there his grave may be seen to the present day. This is doubtless authentic, for an ancestor of Jose Cassiano, (his grandfather, in fact) married the widow of Governor Cordero. Mrs. Gertrude Cassiano Smith (Mrs. C. P. Smith) has in her possession a beautifully illuminated book of her family genealogy, which is an exquisite piece of workmanship, as well as a historic relic of rare value.

On the opposite corner was the Navarro house which was a contested location during Milam's attack, and St. Joseph's Orphanage now stands where the priests' house was captured in the storming of San Antonio. The Mexican soldiers were quartered on the east side back of San Fernando Cathedral.

Travis Park

Travis Park is known as the site for churches. On one corner stands Travis Park Methodist church, another has the Jewish Synagogue, and still another is given to St. Mark's Episcopal church. The foundation stone of the latter church was laid in December, 1859. It contains a fine old bell made from a cannon found at the corner of Houston street and Avenue D, supposed to have been used in the Magee expedition, 1813.



ST. MARK'S EPISCOPAL CHURCH, TRAVIS PARK.

Main Plaza

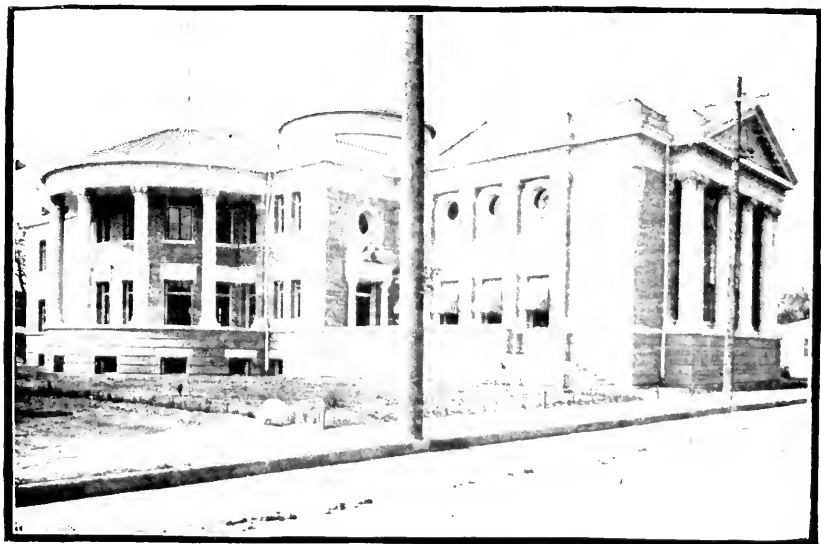
Although the plaza of the Alamo is the best known, it was by no means here that all of the stirring events of the early days were transacted. The colony from the Canary Islands made their first permanent settlement on Main Plaza where now stands the San Fernando Cathedral and County Court House. In those days so prosaic a name would not be tolerated and it was musically called the Plaza de los Islas, because it was about this space the sixteen Canary Islanders selected the sites for their homes. These included the Flores, Martinez, Yturri, de Granados and other important families, the descendants of whom still live in San Antonio. The Southern Hotel was the old Cassiano homestead, and where Frost National Bank now stands was the Evans store. Augusta Evans Wilson, the famous daughter of the store keeper, lived there, and wrote "Inez, or a Tale of the Alamo", under the shadow of the cathedral walls. In 1836 Santa Anna had his headquarters where Wolfson's store is located.

Milam Park

When Milam square was set aside for a cemetery it was in the outskirts of the city. It is memorable because it was there that the first Protestant cemetery of the city was established, and because the remains of

grand old Ben Milam rest there, marked by a handsome granite monument erected by the Daughters of the Republic. December 7th, 1835, Ben Milam was killed in the doorway of the Veramendi, while leading an attack upon San Antonio, then in the hands of the Mexican forces. His remains were buried in the court yard of the building, and fourteen years later, the Masonic Order, of which he was a member, exhumed the remains and under escort of a detail of the United States army, placed them in the center of the old City Cemetery. When the cemetery was discontinued, Milam's remains were undisturbed, and the square has since been known as Milam Park.

Many smaller parks and plazas adorn the city, and to the late Ludwig Mahncke may be ascribed a great deal of praise for the condition of San Antonio's park system. For a number of years he acted as park commissioner, and his heart was in the work. Coming generations will arise to call him blessed.



THE CARNEGIE LIBRARY CORNER OF MARKET AND PRESA STREETS.



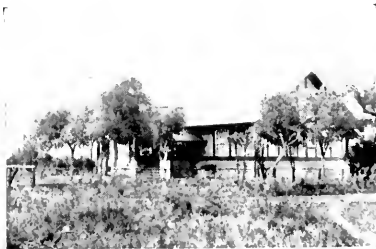
Would you live as near heaven as mortals can go?
If you would there's a place that would suit you,
I know.

Let me picture to you these wonderful "sites"
To be found above the river on Alamo Heights.



This river I speak of was born over there
Where a tiny stream falls like a sheen of fair hair.
There wild flowers bloom that no winter wind
blights,
So full of God's sunlight is Alamo Heights.

There song-birds at twilight to nests homeward fly,
As you from your work, if you happen to buy
A home and a garden with all the delights
To be found no where else save on Alamo Heights.



Yes, away from the city with its
maddening strife,

Secure in a home with baby and wife,
With no noise nor confusion to haunt
the long nights,

Soul and body find repose on fair
Alamo Heights.



There are stretches of green underlying great trees;
Your face is soft fanned by the gentle gulf breeze.
No artist could paint it, no poet's rare flights
Of fancy, could picture fair Alamo Heights.



So, now, just to prove that our story is true,
'Tis a pleasure, come, and we'll show it to you.
We'll watch below us the city's bright lights.
We who live in the clouds on dear Alamo Heights.

—DAISY MARQUIS BRIGGS



BRIGADIER GENERAL ALBERT L. MYER, U. S. A.
COMMANDING THE DEPARTMENT OF TEXAS.

Military Life in San Antonio.

FROM the earliest time San Antonio has been prominent in the military history of the country. Indians, Spaniards, Frenchmen, Mexicans, Texans, Federals and Confederates have marched and counter marched across the valley of the San Antonio where they have engaged in many bloody conflicts.

This has ever proved a natural strategic point and the first permanent barracks were built in 1773 on Military plaza. Later Spanish soldiers were quartered in the Alamo, followed by United States troops, and it was then known as the Quartermaster's Department, which name it retained until 1778.

The arsenal was located near the Veramendi house until it was removed to its present lovely site on South Flores street.

As there were no regular barracks, the troops were quartered at various places on Military plaza, in Mission Concepcion, the Mahncke hotel, French building and at the head of the river.

The commanders of this post before the war, were Albert Sydney Johnston, who lived at 225 St. Mary street, and Robert E. Lee, who lived at the Howard house on South Alamo. It was in this house that he wrote the resignation of his commission in the United States army when he assumed the leadership of the Confederate forces.

In 1878 Ft. Sam Houston was established and the headquarters of the Department of Texas is also located here.

This is the second largest post in the United States, many additions having been recently made, as it is the policy of the War Department to abandon the smaller forts and make a brigade post of Ft. Sam Houston.

18,082 acres of ground are included in the government domains and there are quartered here one regiment of cavalry, one of infantry and two batteries of artillery. The new pay list will exceed fifty thousand dollars each month and the government has expended here about \$2,500,000. Great attractions for the many visitors are the weekly dress parades and daily concerts.

Among the distinguished officers who have done duty here are Generals Zach Taylor, U. S. Grant, W. R. Shafter, Robert E. Lee, Albert Sidney Johnston, Phil Sheridan, Harney Worth, E. O. C. Ord, Lawton, Stanley, Luther Hare, McKibbin, Graham, Fred Grant, Jesse M. Lee, McCaskey and General Myer, the present commander.

Glimpses of Leon Springs.



THE recent purchase of the military reservation at Leon Springs will mean much to the military, commercial and social interests of San Antonio. An ideal point of concentration for regular and volunteer troops in peace maneuvers and in possible war-time mobilization increases the importance of San Antonio and Fort Sam Houston as a base for military operations; the coming together of thousands of men and animals at annual encampments means much for San Antonio merchants; and the social life inevitably connected with the presence of many army officers and their families and friends will increase the cordial relations which have always existed between the city and the army. The reservation comprises the Schasse and Oppenheimer ranches, and contains about eighteen thousand acres of land admirably suited for camps, maneuvers and target practice. Although only twenty miles from San Antonio, the country presents a complete change of soil, vegetation and atmosphere. Beautiful green valleys surrounded by rockbound hills, covered with live-oak and cedar, take the place of flat, uninteresting plains of chaparral and cactus; and the greatly increased altitude tempers the heat of summer and makes spring and autumn delightfully bracing. During the month of July, 1908, all the regular troops of the Department of Texas, except the batteries of the 3d Field Artillery and the battalion of the 16th Infantry from Fort Logan H. Roots, Ark., together with the National Guard of Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana and New Mexico, were concentrated at Leon Springs for instruction and maneuvers.

Much of the success of the camp is due to the Commanding General, Brigadier General Albert L. Myer. General Myer is, first and foremost, a soldier. He has forty-three years' service to his credit, and every day of it has been spent with the line of the army. And the line of the army appreciates a general who understands its duties, its hardships, its shortcomings and its temperament. Every provision of order for the administration of the camp was the result of experience. The men realized this instinctively. As a result, they were cheerful and ready for anything.

* * *

The presence of the National Guard of so many different States was interesting and instructive. In a community where people are accustomed to seeing regular troops there is always a tendency to look down on militia



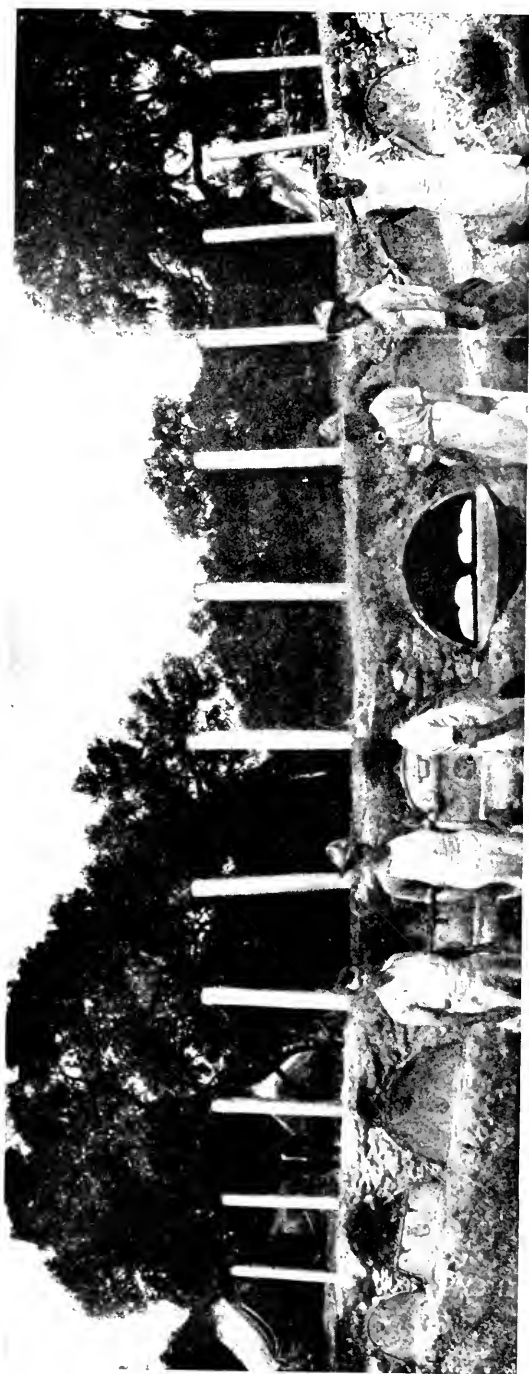
A STREET SCENE AT LEON SPRINGS.

soldiers. Such a tendency is unjust, and springs largely from a lack of understanding of what the militia soldier is, what he represents, and what he may some day become. He is, or should be, a physically perfect young citizen with a taste for military life. He represents, or should represent, the best part of the body politic. In the event of war he will become the backbone of the army. It is no exaggeration to say that the regular army is proud of the National Guard of Texas, Arkansas, Louisiana and New Mexico. Their handicaps and their shortcomings are realized; but their willingness and their enthusiasm make up for everything else. Many of them came to Leon Springs instead of going away on a vacation. That is to say that they exchanged the possibility for ten days of idleness for ten days of hot sun, rough food, hard work, and, unfortunately, much ridicule from the citizens whom they represent and whose work they are doing. The days of the old militia camp have passed. It is no longer a question of dress parade and hilarity. It is a question of serious work in the military profession; and every man who goes into the National Guard of his State should receive at least the encouragement of the Legislature and people of that State. The camp at Leon Springs helped to cement the bond that is growing between the professional soldier and the National guardsman who is willing to give up his leisure in order to be ready for service when his State or country needs him.

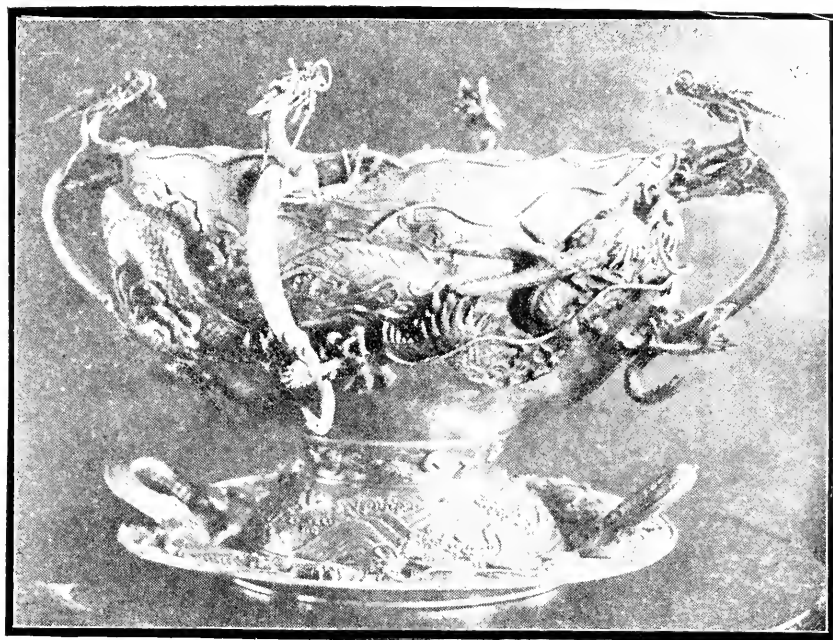
The maneuvers were lead up to by a carefully considered program of elementary work. There was a total absence of the spectacular, not a trace of the old "sham battle." Amongst the wooded hills and open valleys of the beautiful reservation, officers and men worked out these problems simulating war conditions with a seriousness and a capacity which augurs well for the actual fighting efficiency of the United States army and its brother-in-arms, the National Guard.

The lighter side of life was not forgotten, but it was held in its proper place. The distance from San Antonio prevented the horde of curious thousands which usually pour into a camp of this kind, bringing with them distraction, disease and disorder; but in their place there came parties of friends and acquaintances which filled the hours of evening relaxation with fun and laughter which will long be remembered. Each regiment of the national guard kept "open house" for the rest of the camp; and it was at these gatherings that the younger officers of both services commenced friendships which will continue throughout their lives and may be strengthened and deepened in the time of national crisis. The citizens of San Antonio contributed liberally to an amusement tent for enlisted men, which was always filled by an appreciative crowd.

Year after year the reservation will be improved, enlarged and utilized, until San Antonio will come to consider the Leon Springs reservation one of her greatest assets.—"*Glimpses of Leon Springs*" by A. Regular.—*Passing Show of Sep. 26, 1908.*



THE CAMP BAKERY WHICH TURNS OUT 4,000 LOAVES OF BREAD DAILY.



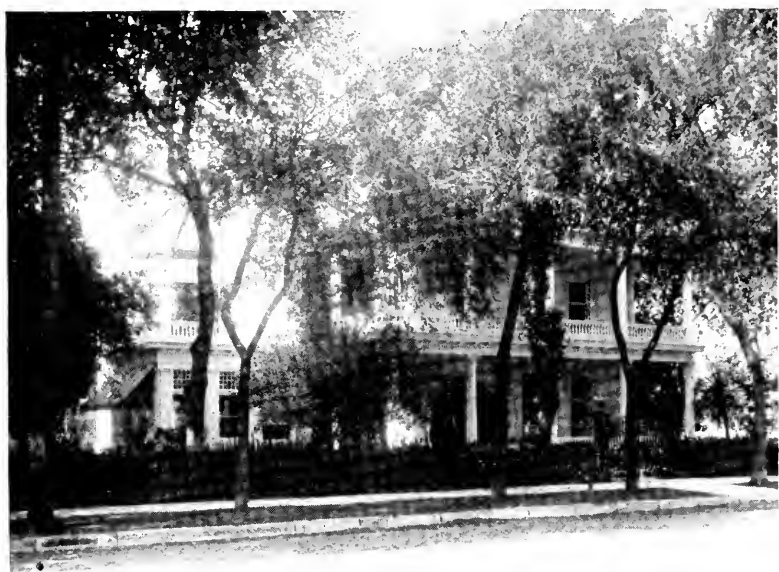
\$20,000 PUNCH BOWL BELONGING TO THE NINTH U.S. INFANTRY.

THIS beautiful bowl, of which Tiffany says, "There is not another one like it in the world, neither has it a rival in point of beauty and elegance of design," is made from silver picked up by members of the Ninth Infantry after the great fire in Tientsin, China. Large quantities of the silver had been carried off, but the coins and bullion found by the soldiers were strewn through the streets in quantities sufficient to make this bowl, which is valued at \$20,000, and on which an insurance of \$10,000 is carried. The silver was taken to Japan, where the most experienced artisans were employed to make the design, and the graceful Japanese figures, consisting of dragons and wonderful sea serpents, are carried out in all of the ornamentation, on the four massive handles as well as the large tray on which it stands. It weighs ninety pounds, exclusive of the tray, and is twenty-one inches in height, seventy-four inches in circumference and has a capacity of twenty-three gallons. The same Japanese designs are carried out in the fifty-two drinking cups, each of which bears the name of the officer to whom it belongs. The bowl and the ladle are marked with the name of Col. Liscome, who was at that time commanding the regiment.



PATIO IN HOME OF B. J. NAVLOR.

The Social Side of Life.



HOME OF MRS. ELIZABETH KAMPMANN, AVENUE E AND FOURTH STREET.

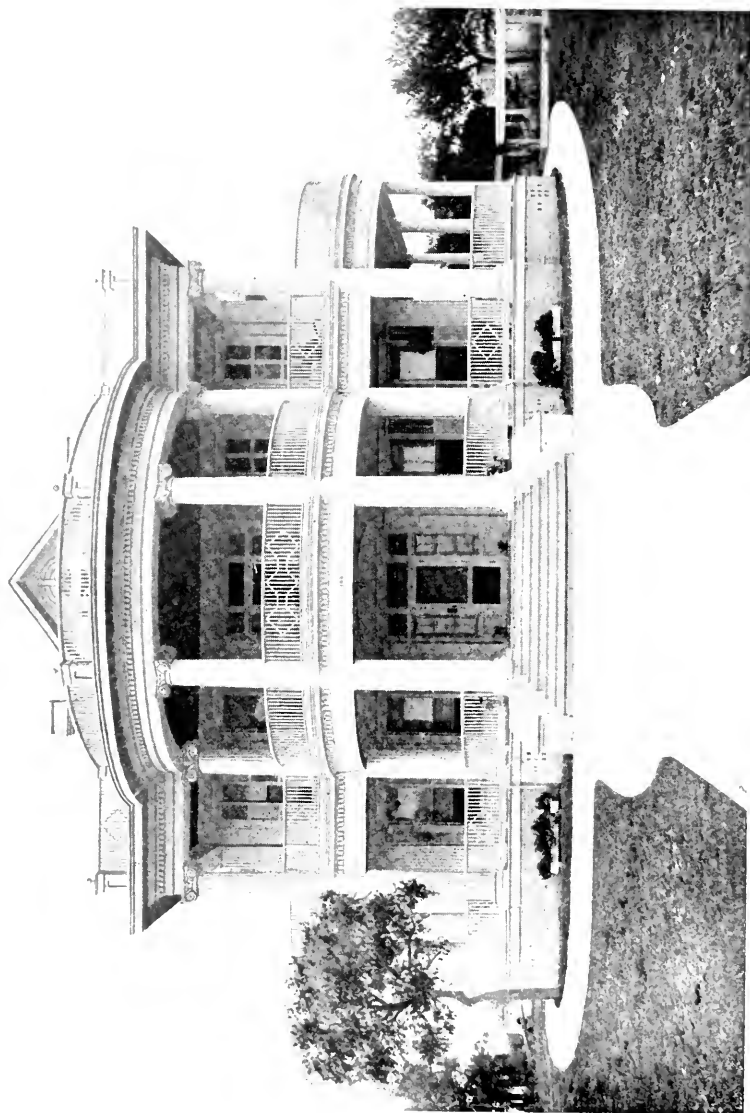
NOT long ago, at a dinner in London, a guest was introduced as "the gentleman from Texas."

"The gentleman from Texas?" exclaimed the doughty Briton with sarcastic humor, "the *gentleman* from Texas?"

Poets have idealized the Texas cowboy, the fame of her boundless fields and fat herds has been sung throughout the land, but little has been heard of her beautiful homes, her cultured people and her social amenities.

Much has been said about Texas, the home of the outlaw, while the Republic, formed by patriots and nurtured by the children of heroes has been forgotten. Although in the early days social customs differed essentially from those of the present time, the real essence of hospitality, culture and good breeding was to be found in the homes of those pioneers, who, nerved by the memory of Goliad and the Alamo, were able at San Jacinto to crown the young Republic with a star which scintillated with heroic deeds.

Although San Antonio is the oldest city in the State, and there is woven into her history so much of romance and song, yet her civilization is essentially new. The names of the Mavericks and the Bees are known in Texas history, and the Alamo will ever be a shrine for the lovers of



HOME OF J. O. TERRELL, IN SUMMIT PLACE.

liberty, yet the sunny skies, the soft breezes, and the roses allure each year thousands of strangers who come in quest of pleasure and health. The mingling of the old and the new, the touch of foreign life, the presence of the army, all give an added charm to the social life in this quaint old city. The beautiful weather which prevails the greater part of the year makes out of door sport especially attractive.

SOCIAL CLUBS.

The Country Club, which is the newest as well as the most popular of the social resorts, is located opposite Brackenridge park on a beautiful hill commanding a fine view of the city and Fort Sam Houston. Ample provision is made for lovers of golf, tennis and basket ball to indulge in their favorite sport, and the riding contingent of the club indulge in the rare sport of riding to hounds, always ending the afternoon with a supper and a social hour at the club. Every Saturday night a dinner dance is enjoyed by the members and their friends.

The Casino Association is the oldest social club in the city, having been organized in 1843. It includes among its members the most prominent and wealthy German citizens.

The San Antonio Club organized in 1880, occupies handsomely furnished rooms in the opera house block. Many distinguished guests have been entertained here, and it has been the scene of some of the most brilliant social functions ever given in the State.

Other social clubs which have stood the test of years, are the Married Ladies Dancing Club, organized in 1883, and the San Antonio German Club, dating its beginning from the same year. These clubs still hold a leading place in the social world.

Harmony Club, organized in 1887, is the leading social club among the Jewish citizens.

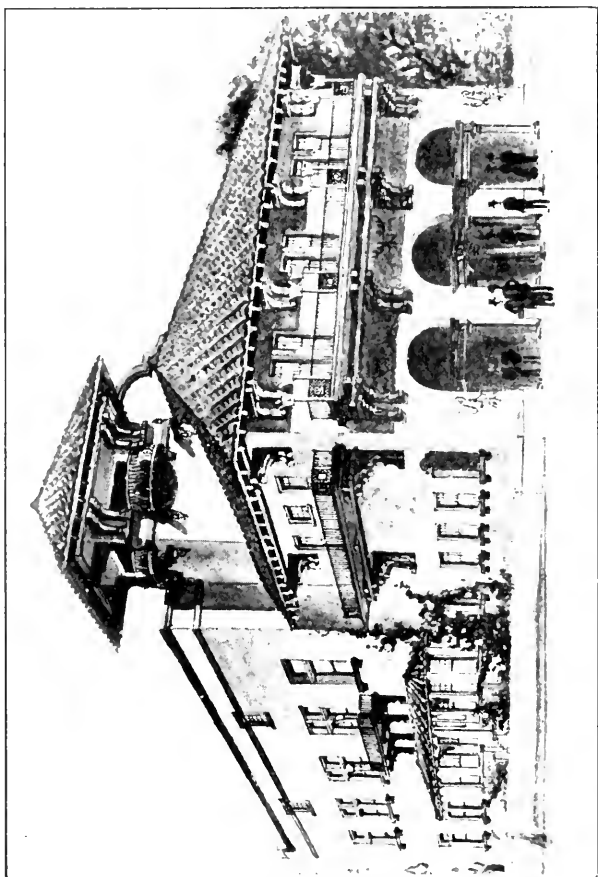
San Antonio Turn Verein is a strong German organization that has increased in membership since 1858.

Although the Elks might be classed among the secret orders, much attention is given to social affairs, and the order now occupies a handsome new home on Avenue E.

Among the more recently organized social clubs is the San Antonio Cotillon Club, the San Jacinto Cotillon Club, the Assembly, and the Merry Wives.

LITERARY CLUBS.

In the list of literary clubs, The Ladies Reading Club stands first in point of age, having been organized in 1892. This club holds its meetings each Monday afternoon in the rooms of the Woman's Club.



THE NEW HOME OF THE "ELKS" ON AVE. E., NEAR THE FEDERAL BUILDING.

The History Club, organized in 1896, also meets in the same place on the first and third Friday.



HOME OF THE WOMAN'S CLUB.

The Woman's Club, organized in 1898, is the largest woman's organization in the city and is the first to own its own home; which is located on Camden street, just off of San Pedro avenue. This is the gathering place for all the federated clubs, the city federation meeting there the first Saturday afternoon of each month. Wednesday is Woman's Club day, some class or department always meeting on that day.

The other literary clubs are The Self Culture, Phoenix, Twentieth Century and Shakespeare.

The Tuesday Music Club, which has done good work in its line, also has many literary features.

Another musical organization which has done much for San Antonio is the Beethoven Maennerchor, a German association. It has for a number of years owned its own home, one of the handsomest halls in the city, its auditorium being especially adapted to concert giving, on account of its size and accoustic properties.

The Jewish Women's Council is an organization of recent date, but it is a branch of the National Council which is so far reaching in its work.

All the patriotic societies which are now so strong throughout the country, have flourishing chapters here. There are also strong organizations among all the fraternal societies. A new Masonic Temple is one of the most beautiful structures of its kind in the South.



After Three Score Years and Ten.

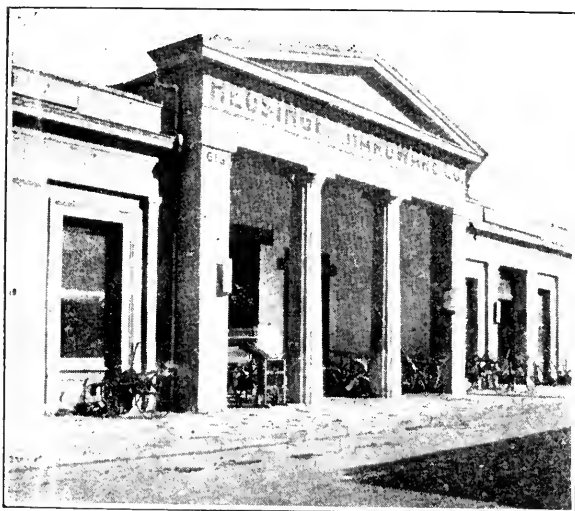
“**T**HE wide prairie, which lies spread out on every side, here and there relieved with a clump of trees, serves to render the scene the more enchanting. Poets have often sung of the beauty of Italian skies, but those who have seen both pronounce ours equally beautiful. It does not appear to me possible that there is any land more lovely than Texas. There is such an infinite variety to its scenery that no one can tire of gazing upon it.”

The above is an extract from a letter written by W. B. Dewees, Sept. 6th, 1838, seventy one years ago. The same charm which lured men and women to leave home and kindred for the dangers and privations of life in the wilds, and which made of them ever afterwards true and loyal Texans, calls as loudly today to the home maker, only now, instead of “treking” the hundreds of weary miles he and his family come by rail, traveling in a pullman car, if they wish, but he finds the same “Italian skies.”

Southwest Texas ever throws wide her doors to welcome the man who comes to make a home for himself and his family. For him she makes her wonderful artesian wells send forth their softest and purest waters; she offers to him soil suited to any product he may want to grow,—oranges, lemons, grape fruit, figs, nuts of all varieties, plums, peaches, water melons and cantaloupes in their season; snap beans and English peas in mid winter; lettuce and radishes the year round; tomatoes, egg plant, cauliflower,—the list grows too long, for Southwest Texas offers abundantly, and only for the price of energy, all good thing that the appetite of man or heart of woman can desire. She offers him land of sunshine, of balmy breezes, of rich soil at a moderate price, of rail roads, of schools and churches, in fact all the refinements which culture and education naturally bring. When he comes, he finds the same cordial welcome which breathes in the following extract from letter quoted above. The hand which wrote the letter has long since crumbled to dust, but the sentiment expressed has taken such root in Texas’ soil, that it is drawn in with the very air, and forms a component part of a Texan’s character.

“I would be glad if you would come to Texas and enjoy with us the pleasures which our delightful country can afford. Emigrants are fast flocking into the country, money and provisions are plenty, and I see no reason why we should not be happy. *I think if you ever intend coming here that you will never find a more favorable time than the present.*”

The Old Market House



THE OLD MARKET HOUSE

A QUAIN old house on Market street is one of the buildings closely identified with the history of the city. It has seen the evolution of the present city of palatial residences and public buildings, the thoroughfare of half a dozen railroads, from an isolated town on the western prairie.

What stories the old place could tell of those far-off days, as well as more modern times, the events of which are passing from memory as the older generation goes to join the immortal caravan. Stories of scenes enacted within its walls, as well as those whispered by the river flowing past the mill which stood on its banks near what is still known as the "mill bridge," for then the voice of the river could be heard, the roar of traffic and the mighty growth of a metropolis had not drowned its voice which sang to listening ears "the mill will never grind with the water that has passed."

When built, this structure was one of the most imposing in the town, and it gathered within its walls all sorts and conditions of men on business of divers kinds. Designed after a model of a Greek temple it was built in 1858 during the mayoralty of A. A. Lockwood, by John Fries and David Russi, then the leading contractors and builders of San Antonio. The same firm put up most of the large buildings of that period, among others the First Presbyterian church, which was recently remodeled into an up-to-date business building.

Another market house erected on Alamo plaza in 1859 was subsequently removed and re-erected on South Alamo street for a fire house, the growing custom of neighborhood markets and delivery of meats and vegetables doing away with the general market where people came, basket on arm to do their marketing for the day.

The old market house on Market street, however, had other uses than to furnish stalls for the purveyors of meats and vegetables, for it contained eating counters and restaurants where meat could be selected, cut and cooked for the customer. Here gathered travelers, freighters and soldiers, in the days of General Lee, as well as men who were concerned in the building of the Empire State, to discuss over their meals the burning topics of the day, murders, Indian raids, deeds of desperadoes.

The market house was the scene of the noted "Beef-Steak" Club, composed of the most prominent men of the town, who with epicurean taste foregathered there to eat the steaks prepared by old Ernest, whose talent in this particular branch of culinary art was not only of state wide reputation, but national; and many an old-timer smacks his lips reminiscently as he lingers lovingly over the memory of "Old Ernest's" achievement. Tourists to San Antonio enjoyed these delicious steaks as they visited the Alamo and Veramendi palace. Army officers detailed for San Antonio congratulated themselves that there was compensation for exile, and upon arrival were immediately initiated by their friends. H. B. Adams and E. DeLacey Wickes, at that time bachelors and high livers, did much to spread the fame of the "Beef-Steak" Club, for they made it a solemn duty to see that no stranger of note from the East departed without eating one of Ernest's steaks. Mr. David Bell, one of the "oldest citizens" and a charter member of the club, says that Ernest could have taken a piece of horseflesh and converted it into a delicious steak with the magic of his craft, though he seemed not to have cooked anything else in a particularly superior way. The "Beef-Steak" Club was first located in a small building on Commerce street, but the increased membership demanded larger quarters and it was removed to the old market house.

Ernest was conscripted during the war, and, after serving faithfully,

upon restoration of peace, he returned to San Antonio and the patrons of his skill whom he served faithfully until his death.

Like most ancient things the old Market house outlived its time and in 1900 a charter for the new market house was signed by Marshall Hicks, then mayor, and the relic was left to the disposal of the city fathers, being used for different purposes at different times, and having once served as a calaboose, or "bat cave."

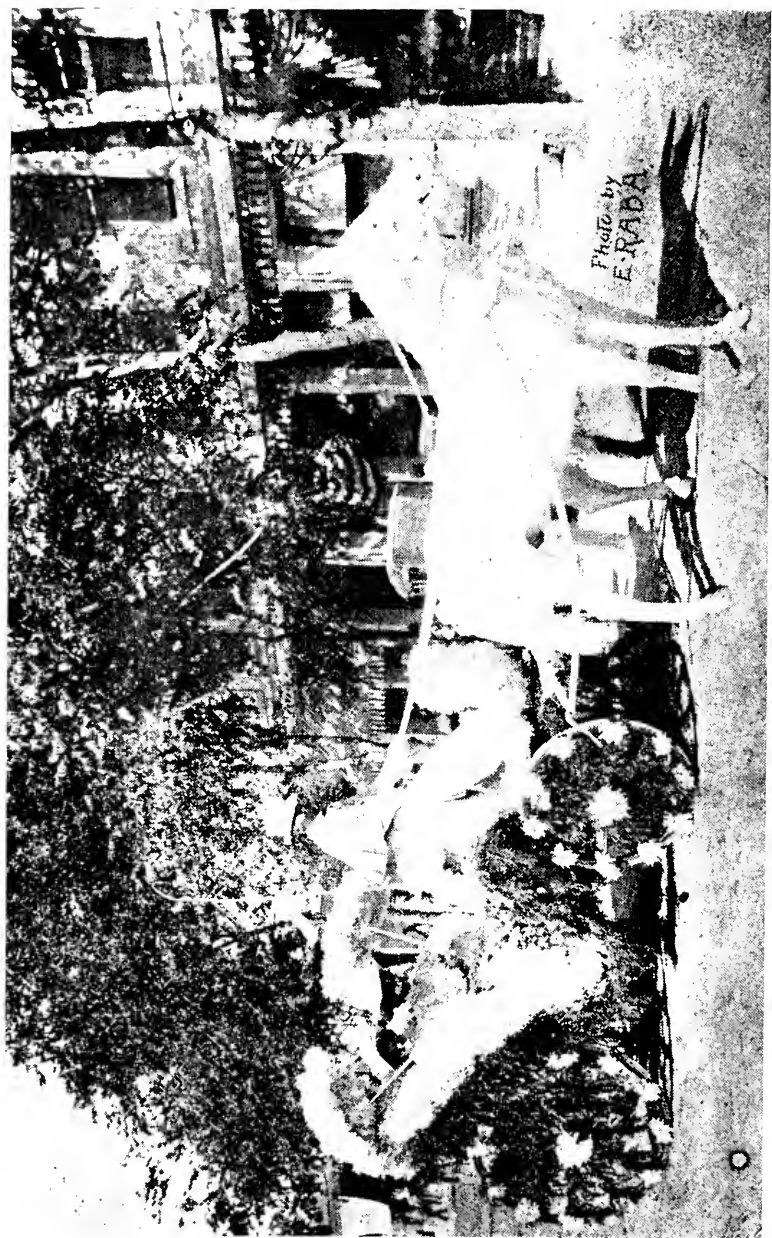
After the organization of a separate school district for the city of San Antonio, all city property not used for municipal purposes was donated to the school fund, and the market house along with the Riverside building and some others, passed into the hands of the school board.

No more fitting mission could be devised than that the building which had seen San Antonio grow beyond it should still be used for the benefit of those who will make the San Antonio of the future, thus continuing to serve the people whom it sheltered so long.

A feeling of affection for the scene of so many stirring events still lingers with the old-timers, and much of the life of early San Antonio and the old market house is always spoken of with the same affectionate deference accorded to the other historic buildings of the Alamo City.

GUSSIE SCOTT CHANEY.





MISS CHANCELLOR AND MISS HORSTING OF CHICAGO, AS THEY APPEARED IN THE BATTLE OF FLOWERS PARADE IN 1908

The Battle of Flowers April 21st

IN 1891, when President Harrison was making his Southern tour, each town tried to out-do the other in the cordiality and the novelty of entertainment. What would San Antonio do? By a happy chance the date of the President's visit was to be on April 21st, San Jacinto day. Some one happily suggested "Flower Battle," and Flower Battle was echoed all over the town. Society was planning to make a notable display, and President Harrison would have witnessed the first peaceable battle of the Alamo, but the rain came down in torrents, and the "Battle" was postponed until the 25th of the month, when it was given with marked success. The people were so pleased with its success that it has become a permanent feature of the San Jacinto celebration. For several years each season added to the beauty and glory of the occasion. From a fete of one day, the carnival time was extended for a week, but commercialism gradually crept in, and became mixed with what was originally designed as a purely patriotic and social organization to such an extent that the "Battle of Flowers" was threatened with complete extinction.

A reaction has taken place this year, however, and under the management of the ladies of the city the "Battle of Flowers" as a patriotic and social event will be restored to its pristine glory.

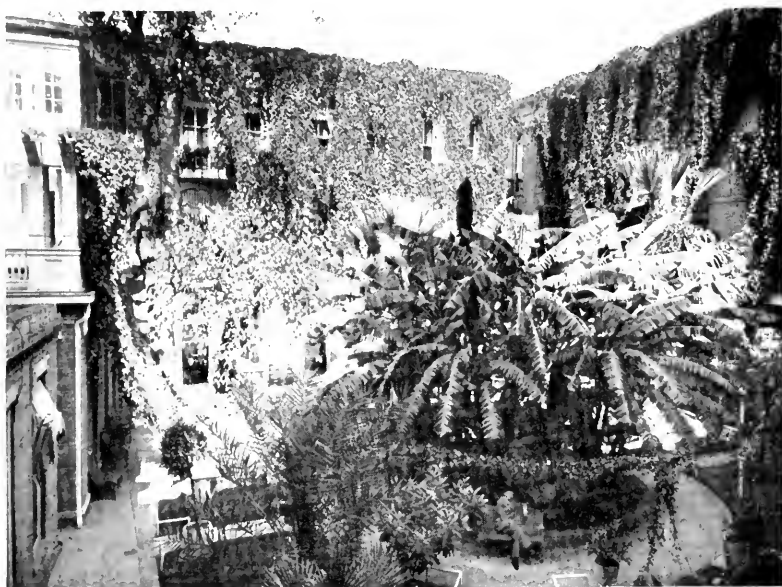
This annual festival attracts thousands of visitors to the city and the thousands who spend the winter here, remain over to enjoy the spectacle or to take part in the parade.



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Our Motto "Always in the Lead"

W m . C . BRUCE, Manager

San Antonio To-Day

A population, including additions, of 100,000 people.

Assessed valuation in 1906 of \$37,475,570.00; in 1907 of \$55,688,423; in 1908 nearly \$61,000,000 (books not yet complete).

City, County and State Tax, \$2.32 on the \$100 valuation.

438 miles of streets, 186 miles of water mains, 65 miles of electric street railways and 80 miles of sewers.

The finest water system in the South, from 14 deep artesian wells, capacity over forty million gallons a day.

Street Railway System carried 9,758,932 passengers in 1906, 11,828,297 in 1907.

Sewer system cost one half million dollars, carries sewerage miles below the city.

Fire department of 4 new steam fire engines, 2 chemical fire engines, 10 hose trucks, 2 hook and ladder trucks, 8 hose wagons, 50 horses, and 14 stations with 700 fire hydrants.

Six National, four private, three state banks and two trust companies, combined deposits amount to about \$15,000,000.

Building permits in 1906 \$1,111,550; in 1907 \$1,961,471; during the first eight months of 1908 \$2,561,805, and the architects report at this date plans for new buildings of total value of \$3,000,000.00.

The beautiful San Antonio river winds through the heart of the City, lined with fine forest trees and spanned by 13 iron and 14 wagon bridges.

30 public schools and 23 private schools, and school population of over 16,000 children.

73 churches and chapels, 16 theatres and amusement halls and five hospitals.

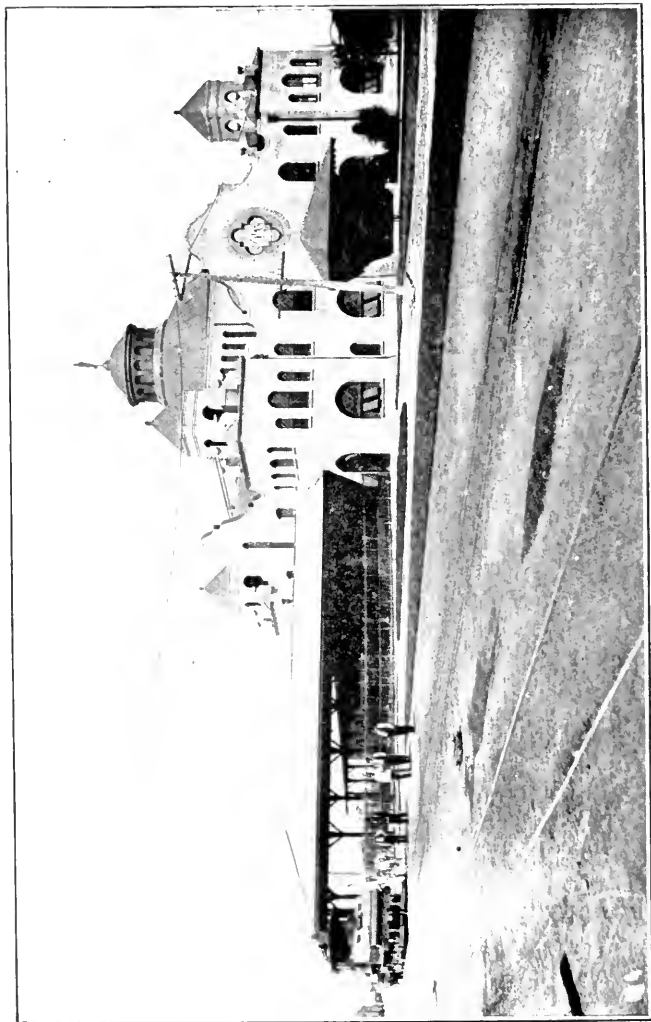
70 factories employing from 10 to 950 persons each.

Real estate transfers in 1905 were \$3,113,033.35; in 1907 \$11,041,806.03.

The most delightful climate the year round in the United States; mean annual temperature 69 degrees; mean of the maximum temperature 79 degrees; mean of the minimum 58 degrees; mean of the three winter months, 54 degrees, the three summer months 82 degrees. Mean average rainfall 26.7 inches; average velocity of the wind, 7.4 miles per hour; proportion of rainy days to fair 1 to 5.

Commercial San Antonio

Against the historic background of the storied past, modern San Antonio has grown up, a busy commercial city, developing more rapidly than



THE INTERNATIONAL & GREAT NORTHERN DEPOT
Designed by Harry L. Page, Architect, San Antonio, Texas

The I. & G. N. Depot is conceded to be one of the finest depots in the south. It was designed in the old Franciscan Mission style in all details, and cost \$150,000. Dimensions are 110x110 feet and is 88 feet high. The style is from the Missions of Texas and not those of California, and practically a portion of every Mission in the city is represented in its construction.

any other city in the southwest, and owing to the fact that her tributary territory is but yet partially developed, possesses almost unlimited opportunities for future growth. San Antonio stands now where Los Angeles stood some six or seven years ago, and competent and conservative judges predict the same phenomenal development for this city in the near future.

San Antonio is a jobbing and wholesale center, and does the distributing for a territory as large as the state of Ohio. It has also a large business with Mexico. New railroads projected through this San Antonio territory will further develop that country as well as this city, and bring new opportunities for business and investment.

San Antonio has 214 manufacturing plants, large and small. Its two leading breweries are the largest of the kind in the South and employ over nine hundred men. It has large foundries and machine shops, cotton compresses and oil mills, soap and saddle factories, food product factories, clothing factories, sash and blind factories and other enterprises. The development of an oil field adjacent to the city and the opening up of fine deposits of lignite coal by the projected railroads will do much to develop a manufacturing industry here.

San Antonio is the shopping center of the Southwest, and has some of the largest retail establishments south of Saint Louis. Its merchants import goods from all over the world, and in the quality and quantity of goods displayed, as well as reasonableness of price, offer the shopper exceptional advantages.

In percentage of gain in new buildings, San Antonio stands well up in the list of American cities. Three new hotels have been completed in 1908 and one to cost a million dollars will be completed in 1910. Four new office buildings of from four to six stories have been completed in the past eighteen months and one other is under construction, another twelve stories will be begun during the coming year. San Antonio real estate has also shown a steady appreciation in value. Even during the financial disturbance prices of realty held firm, the market is still strong with promise of unusual activity during the coming year.

San Antonio has six national banks, three state banks, one of which does a trust company business, two trust companies, and four private banks. The aggregate deposits are estimated by the bankers between fifteen and sixteen millions. The San Antonio banks issue letters of credit and traveler's checks and buy and sell foreign exchange.

Agriculture in the San Antonio Section

San Antonio is situated in the midst of a rich agricultural country, whose soil being from two to three feet thick, with favorable climatic condi-

tions yields splendid returns to the farmer, the truck grower and the fruit raiser. An average rainfall of 28 inches makes dry farming successful. Cotton, corn, and the forage crops, especially sorghum cane, hay and alfalfa pay handsomely. The climate permits the growing of from two to three crops a year, of alfalfa of from five to seven. Furthermore it is not necessary, as in colder climates to burn up a large percentage of the earnings in fuel and warm clothes and feed for stock.

The yield of cotton is from three quarters to a bale an acre; of corn from 40 to 50 bushels an acre. Sorghum cane and hay averages a bale to the acre with two to four cuttings. Alfalfa a bale an acre with five to seven cuttings.

All of the vegetables are raised in the San Antonio country and yield from \$150 to \$300 net per acre. Some truck growers succeed with dry farming but the majority of them irrigate. Artesian water is struck at from seven hundred to a thousand feet and will irrigate from 150 to 225 acres. They cost from \$2,000 to \$3,500. Some irrigate from surface wells of 80 to 200 feet deep by means of gasoline engine and pump. These wells can be put in at an expense of a few hundred dollars, including machinery. Vegetables grow in this climate through the entire winter months and the truck grower always has something to sell.

Of the fruits, pears, plums, figs, oranges, lemons, grape fruit, cantaloupes, watermelons, grapes and small berries do best. All of them yield handsome profits. Small berry raisers without irrigation near this city made from \$250 to \$300 an acre on dewberries and blackberries in the spring of 1908. The orange and lemon industry is in its infancy but is developing, and a wonderful future is predicted for it. Figs are profitable and it is customary to raise bees in the fig orchards. The bees are useful for polenizing and the figs produce good honey.

There is also a big poultry industry in and near San Antonio and the climate is favorable for it. The city is also on the edge of the great cattle and sheep and Angora goat country of Southwest Texas. The live stock industry is the largest single branch of business in Texas and yields big profits to the ranchmen. Most of the Angora goats raised in the United States are raised in the hill country to the northwest of San Antonio.

Agricultural lands sell in the San Antonio section at from \$15 to \$50 an acre, according to quality and proximity to railroads. Lands adjacent to the city sell at from \$100 an acre up. Grazing lands sell at from \$3 to \$6 or \$7 an acre. Lands with water rights can be rented from \$10 to \$25 an acre in some places. Lands for dry farming can be rented for much smaller amounts or on shares.

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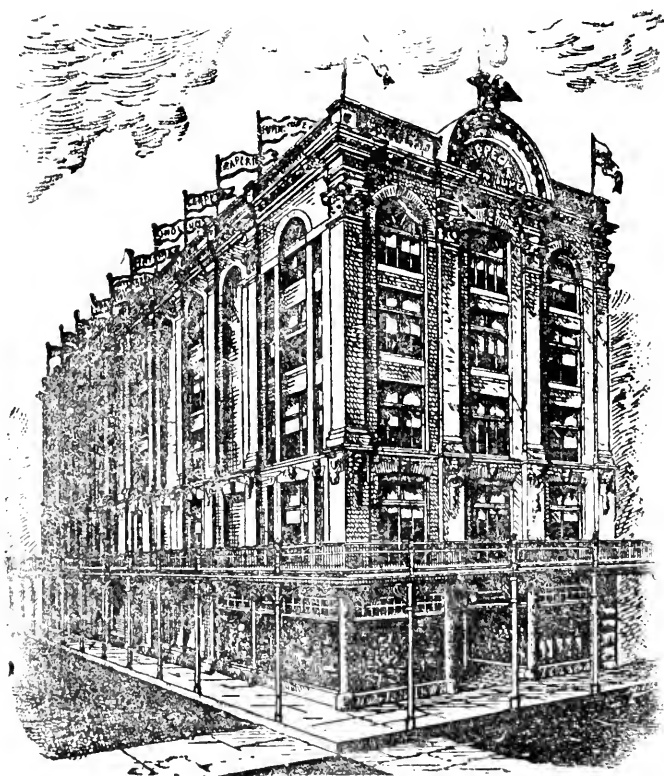
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War Department

THE ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE.

1391261

WASHINGTON, July 7, 1908.

*The Principal, Peacock Military School,
San Antonio, Texas,*

* * * The Secretary instructs me to advise you, in this connection, that the School has been classified as Class A.

Very respectfully,

HENRY P. McCAIN,
Adjutant General.

This is the only school in Texas classed A (first class) by the War Department, all others being class B or C. The only other Southern States with schools in class A are Georgia (1), Maryland (2), Missouri (2), South Carolina (2), Tennessee (1), Virginia (2). [See Army List and Directory, August, 1908]

The necessity for a private school of select patronage that would become a training school for ambitious young men and a home school for the entertainment and development of younger boys, through the agency of a thorough military school under government supervision, and the belief that there are always sullied discriminating people who care for quality rather than quantity, for real excellence rather than mediocrity, led to the founding of the Peacock Military School, in the largest, healthiest and most beautiful city in Texas.

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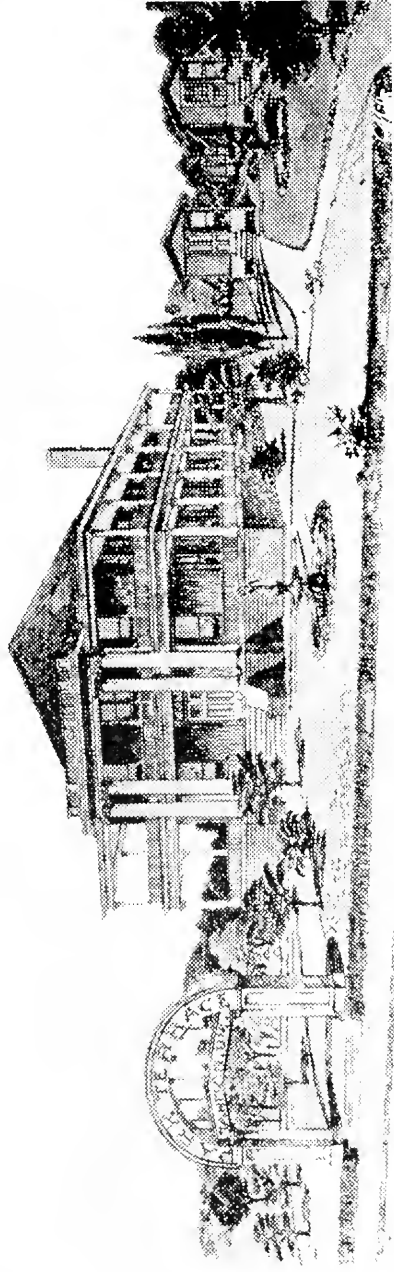
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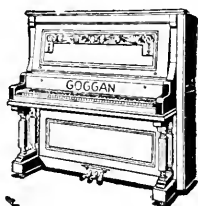
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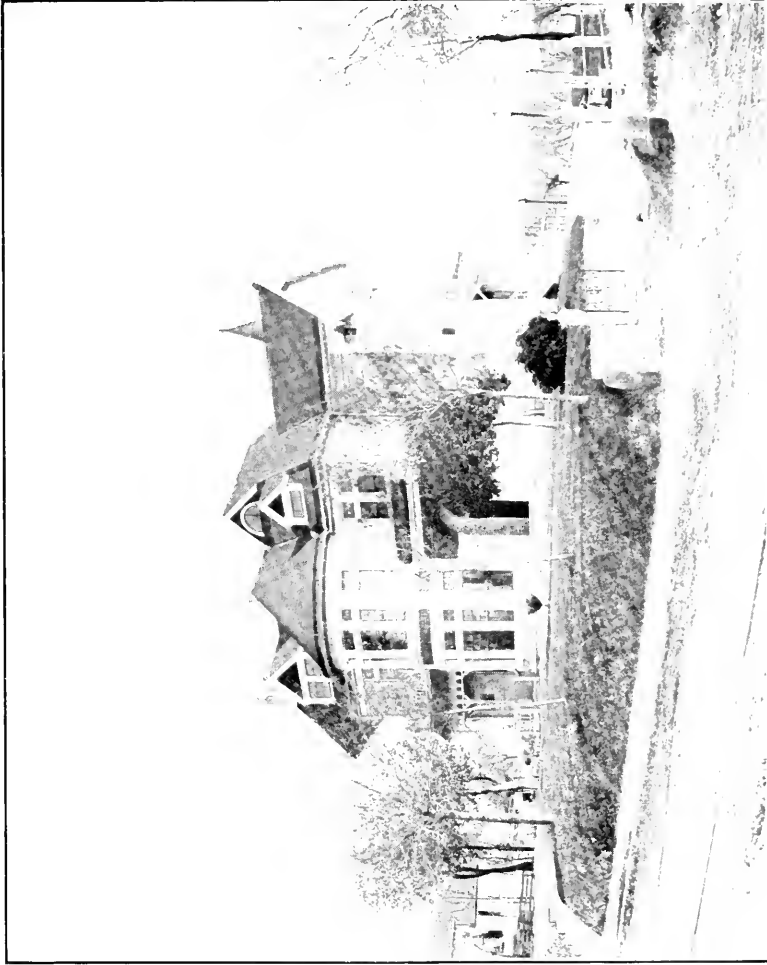
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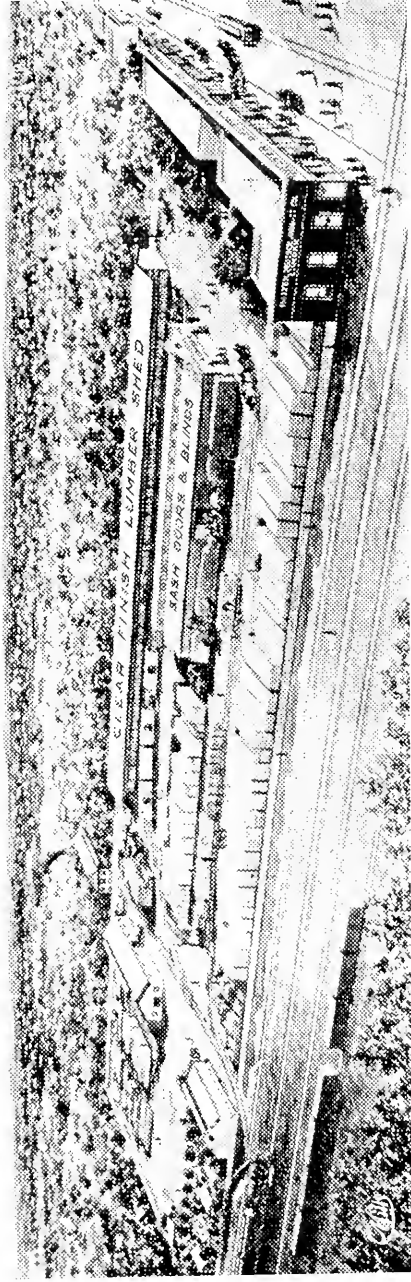
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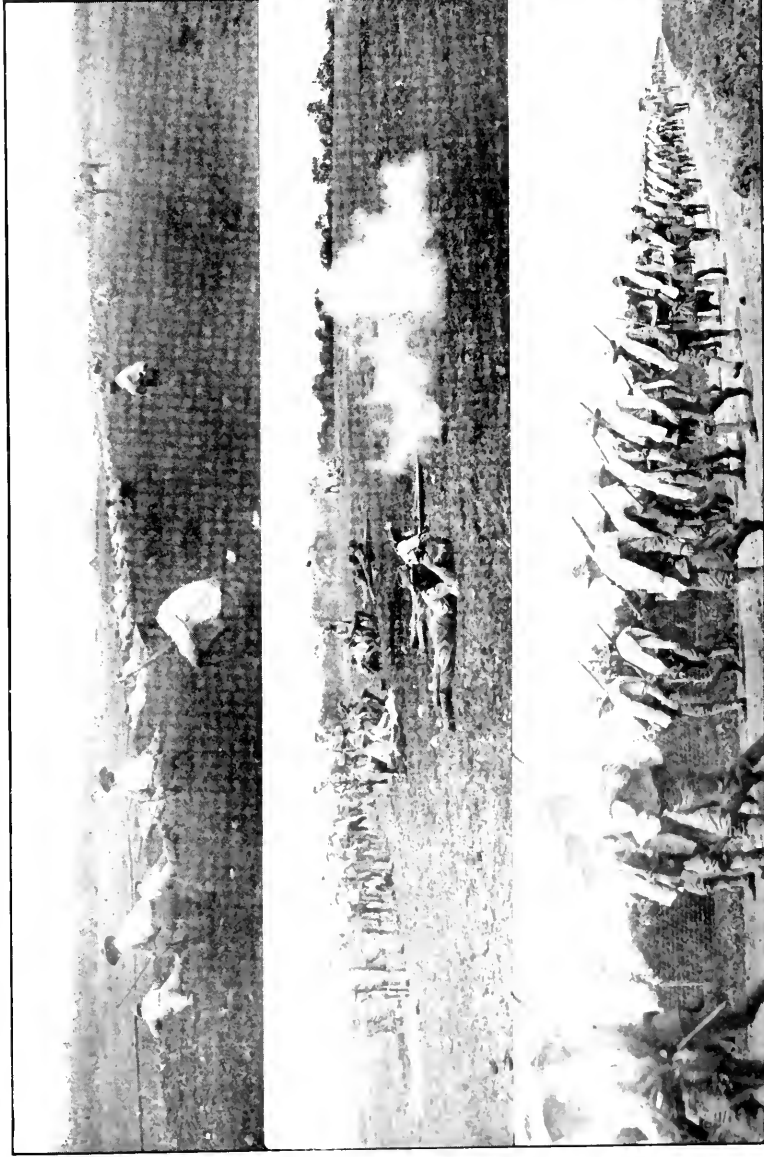
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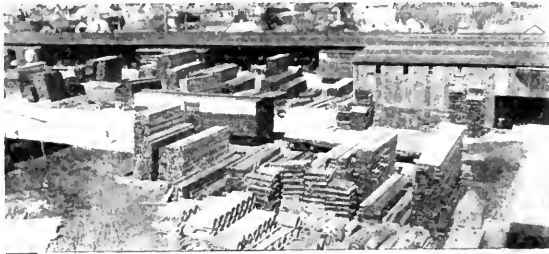
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POINTS OF INTEREST

IN AND AROUND THE CITY

The Alamo—Fort and Mission: built in 1718.

Mission Concepcion—Built in 1731; $3\frac{1}{2}$ miles from the Alamo.

Mission San Jose—Built in 1718—5 miles from the Alamo.

Sulphur Wells—3 miles from Alamo; take Hot Wells Car.

Spanish Governor's First Palace—105 Military Plaza.

Maverick Park, Brackenridge Park.

U. S. Military Post—2 miles from the Alamo, take Govt. Hill Car on Houston Street.

San Pedro Park and Zoo—2 miles from the Alamo, take San Pedro Avenue Car.

San Fernando Cathedral—West side Main Plaza.

For Car Ride—Take West End Car on Houston Street passing St. Louis College, Peacock's School for Boys, S. A. College for Girls, West End Lake and Park and Protestant Orphans Home.

Alamo Plaza—There is no more delightful introduction to San Antonio than is given by the first view of Alamo Plaza. Its semi-tropical verdure, always green and luxuriant, both in winter and summer, at once gives a favorable impression of the city and its really delightful climate. All of Alamo Plaza and the surrounding ground is historic. Across it the Mexican Army under Santa Anna marched in making their final assault on the Alamo.

Veramendi Palace—On the left hand side of Soledad Street between Commerce and Houston Street is to be seen a small one story adobe building. This is the old palace of Governor Veramendi, one of the early Mexican governors of the province of Texas.

This building is as historic as the Alamo. It was the center of social life during the Mexican rule, and as has had beneath its hospitable roof all the famous men of the time. Santa Anna was a frequent visitor here, with his officers and men. Beneath its low ceiling and beside its large open hearth the noted Indian fighter and Texas patriot Bowie wooed and won the Governor's daughter and the wedding which followed was

attended by the gallant Dons and languishing Señoritas from all over the entire colony. It was here that Ben Milam met his death while driving the Mexican troops out of the city.

The massive cedar doors which are still in use, were the work of a skilled Mexican artist who carved them out by hand. They have swung on their hinges for over one hundred years and are good for many more. This historical landmark will soon be razed to widen Soledad street in accordance with the demands of modern traffic.

Houston Street, along its entire length, was at one time but a straggling cattle trail, along which a number of small buildings sprung up. At the corner of Houston and St. Mary Streets is now being constructed the million dollar hotel, in the rear of which is the original site of Fort Sam Houston. The old barrack walls are still standing. General Robert E. Lee and General Albert Sidney Johnston were both, previous to the Civil War, in command of these barracks. At the corner of Main Avenue is one of the old Spanish ditches or acequias, which at one time brought the water from San Pedro Springs to furnish the first settlers with water both for drinking and irrigation purposes.

Laurel Heights Loop carries the visitor through the modern aristocratic residence districts in the city. Less than five years ago this entire section was simply a thicket of mesquite clad hills. Its magnificence to-day is one of the best testimonials to the rapid growth of San Antonio. It will be noted that the mission, Spanish and Moorish styles of architecture prevail, showing that the fascinating history of this old town has left its impress indelibly upon the minds of the present generation.

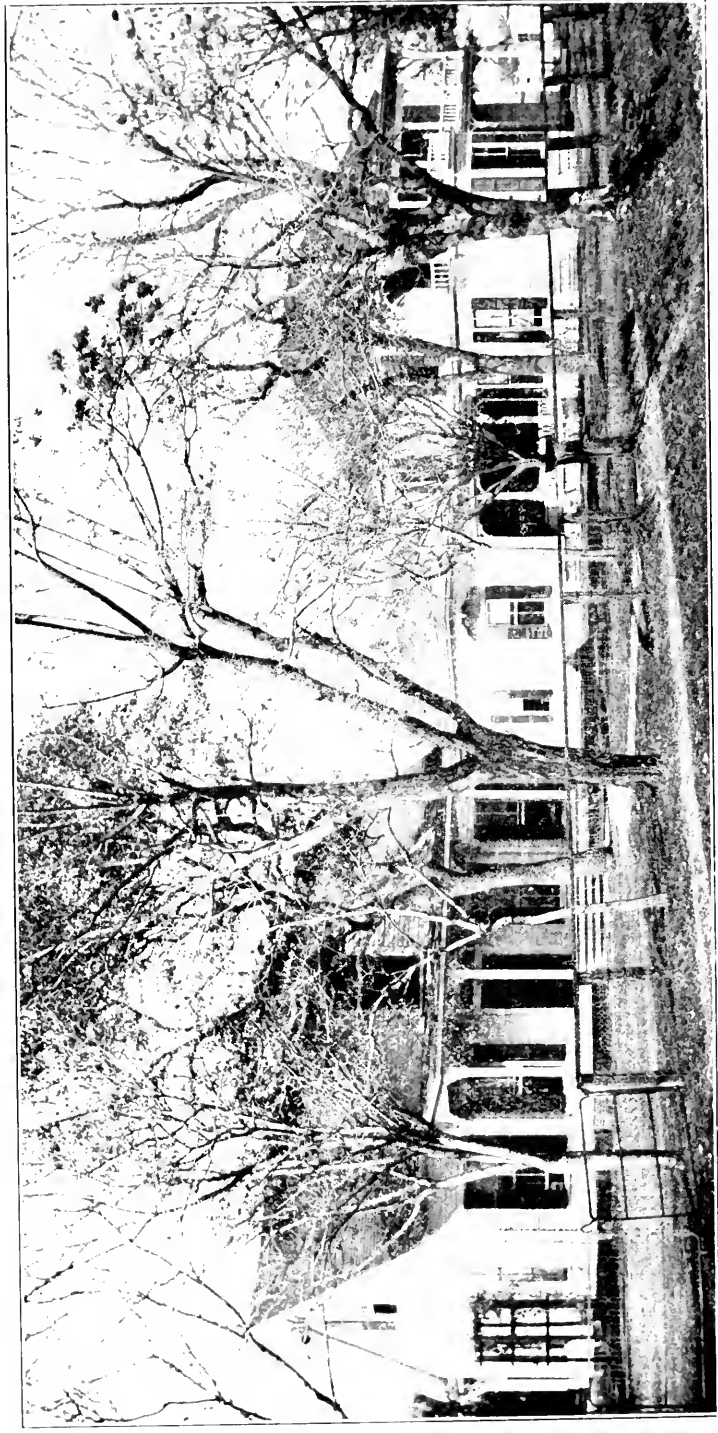




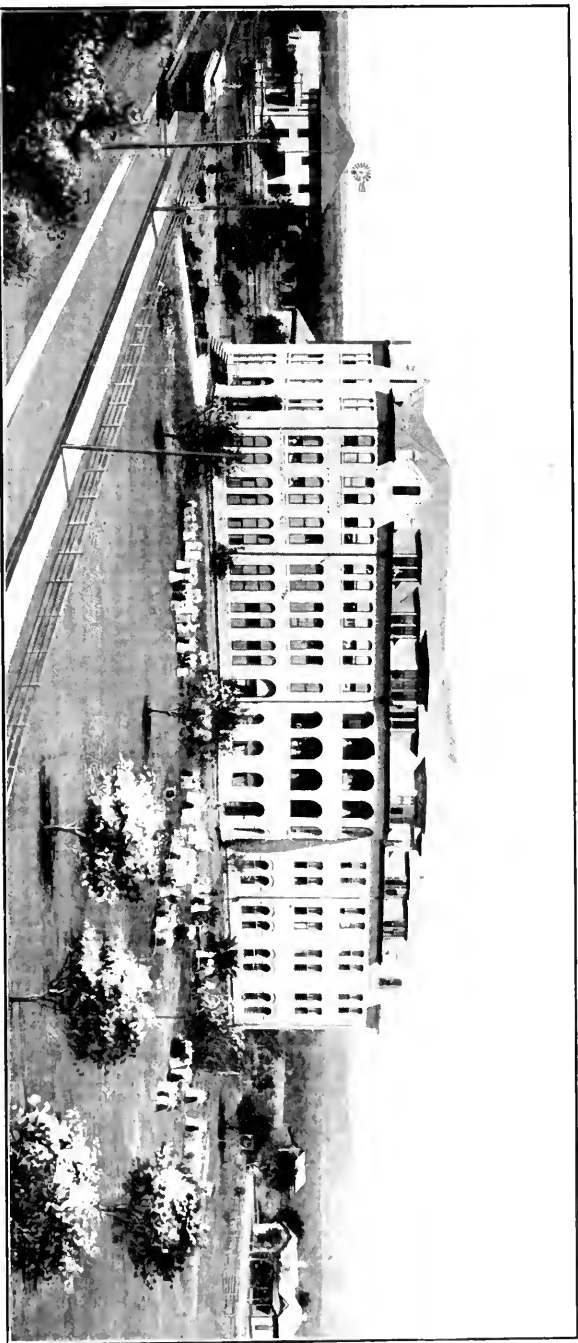
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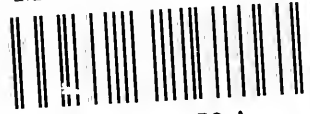
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